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HELEN IN THE WOOD.

I LEFT the yew-tree's shadow, thrown
 Slantwise across the graves, and grown
 So long I knew the day waxed late,
 And opened wide the churchyard gate ;
 Paused there, for from the church behind
 Voices of womenclave the wind,
 And organ music rose and rang :
 I heard the village choir that sang.
 But I, who had no heart for song,
 Sighed, shut the gate, and went along
 The lane, where rows of elms, wind-vexed,
 Nodded fantastic heads, perplexed
 At winter's dimly-boded woes.
 At last the trees grew thick and close.
 The rain was over, but the copse
 Shoots down at whiles some after-drops,
 Though sunshine, through wet branches seen,
 Sheltered in living flakes of green,
 And where below ground ivy grew
 A fallen heaven lay darkly blue.
 So soon ! The tempest scarce was done,
 And all the wet world sang and shone
 Lovelier yet ! I think the place
 Found but in grief an added grace,
 While I — the tears fell and I sighed —
 It was a year since Helen died.

At length I raised my eyes. Behold
 The branches' green, the bracken's gold
 Gained a new meaning in my sight,
 That found the centre of their light ;
 For down the dim wood-arches came —
 Was it a star ? Was it a glame ?
 No ; there my Helen went — all white.
 To shield her from the branches' harms
 She lifted up her lovely arms ;
 Just as of old, above the large
 Sweet eyes her hair made golden marge ;
 Through tangled fern, through grass still wet,
 Her feet went firmly on ; and yet
 I knew, although no word was said,
 She did not live, she was not dead.
 At last she neared my watching-place ;
 She paused and looked me in the face,
 Smiled once her smile that understood,
 Passed — and how lonely was the wood !

I trod the way I went before,
 I passed the church's open door ;
 The hymn went pealing up the sky —
 " Oh, love, how deep, how broad, how high ! "

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

Cornhill Magazine.

SONGS OF THE SCIENCES.

BOTANY.

WHAT reck I though she be fair
 If the flowers are not her care ;
 If she ponder not upon
 Many a dicotyledon ;
 If she have no admiration
 For all forms of æstivation.

Let her learn through happy hours
 Properties of plants and flow'rs ;
 Know how watercress should be
 Rank'd with the *Crucifera* ;
 How the sundew, without question
 Darwin tells us, has digestion.

If perchance her ardor burns
 For the cryptogamic ferns ;
 She will see how spores become
 Cased in the *indusium* ;
 And how wondrously you vary
Scolopendrium vulgare !

She shall calmly learn to state,
 Clover is tri-foliolate ;
 And describe in words exact,
 Awn and axis, blade and bract :
 So shall I in her sweet presence,
 Find my love hath inflorescence.

Punch.

CHILDREN AND LOVERS.

WE were children, playing together,
 On Mona's magic isle,
 In her witching April weather,
 Of laughter, and sigh, and smile.
 We were children, playing together,
 For a happy, happy while.

We were lovers, straying together,
 So lightly over the land,
 That we scarcely ruffled the heather,
 Hardly printed the sand.
 We were lovers, straying together,
 On Mona's fairy strand.

And still there are children playing
 On the self-same shore and hill ;
 And still there are lovers straying
 By Mona's elfin rill ;
 For our children are round us playing,
 And we, — we are lovers still.
 Spectator. ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

DESOLATION.

IN fiercest heat of Indian June, I rode
 Across an arid waste of burning sand,
 At midday ; all around the lonely land
 Seemed desert, and in shrunken channel flowed
 The river ; overhead, a sky that glowed,
 Not deeply blue, but wan with lurid glare.
 The tyrant sun, with fixed, unwinking stare,
 Veiled by no cloudlet, in mid-heaven abode,
 And crushed all nature with his blinding ray.
 No living thing was to be seen, but one
 Huge alligator ; on a sandbank prone
 The loathly saurian, basking and serene,
 Grim master of that grim, unlovely scene,
 Fit type of utter desolation, lay.

Spectator.

H. C. L.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.

THE philosopher, diplomatist, and knight-errant whose name stands at the head of this page is one of the most curious, as well as one of the most splendid, figures which cross our path in those days of gorgeous and animated national life which precede the great turning-point of English history. He lived through the greater part of the struggle between Charles I. and the Parliament, but neither his life nor his genius was of that sombre and momentous period. He belongs to the undivided England, and the picturesque and overflowing existence of the previous age, when chivalry was still a living principle, and the old and the new had not yet come to any general battle hand to hand; before theology had begun to flourish as a national pursuit, but while learning was in fashion — while princesses translated Latin and read Greek for their amusement, and a manuscript treatise on philosophy was a possible portion of the baggage of a brilliant young knight. He was born under Elizabeth, and received a gracious reception from that great sovereign, who paused to notice his gallant training and youthful good looks in the gloomy conclusion of her life; and served under James, to whom he was welcome at once for these external qualities (always a ready passport to the favor of the beauty-loving Stewarts), and for his intellectual gifts. He is said to be the first Englishman who left a record of his own life for the instruction of his descendants; and as such, has an especially interesting place among the autobiographers of the world. His history, however, is not detailed and complete like the last which we submitted to the reader, but concerns only the earlier portions of his existence, though it was written in his declining age. His youthful training and studies, and the exploits of his early manhood, are all that he has set down for us; and, indeed, it was not for us distant and obscure spectators in an age so different, but for his own posterity, — the knightly descendants who should pursue a like course after him, inherit his estates, rule his dependants, and, like him, go out gloriously upon the

world, "riding the Great Horse," and surrounded by the glitter of chivalrous accoutrements, banners flying and trumpets sounding, — that my lord of Cherbury put his adventures on record. The tone of fatherly instruction with which he sets his example before his descendants, and the fine consciousness that only knights, and gentlemen born to high employments and the great world, are likely to be his audience, gives a stately grace to his narrative. He is too complete a knight to be discourteous even to the humblest, but they are not within his sphere of vision. The world to which he addresses himself is clothed in velvet and gold, and has possession by nature of all the privileges of existence. His record turns instinctively into a code of instruction for those who shall have the governance of great estates and the weight of family honors, not to speak of ambassadorships and the favor of princes, after him. There are few things more captivating to the imagination than this natural atmosphere of rank and social elevation. When men begin to ask themselves the reason of those differences which classify humanity, a bitterness and sense of wrong creep in to poison even the pleasures of the imagination; but to the ingenuous and unpolitical reader there is always a charm in that fine air of conscious greatness, in the picturesque calm and involuntary superiority of those who, having given themselves only the trouble to be born in order to be great, wear their greatness, for that very reason, with a far more attractive simplicity and grace than those who have acquired it by real merit. This is one of the paradoxes which abound on the very surface of life; but there is some reason in our preference, as a matter of art, for the superiority which is arbitrary and not the result of any struggle. Rank saves at least as many heart-burnings as it creates.

Edward Herbert was born in Wales, of a great and much-extended family, the different lines of which we shall not attempt to unravel. The first of his ancestors to whom he introduces us at any length is Sir Richard Herbert, brother to the Earl of Pembroke, of whose chivalrous

behavior towards a leader of the rebellious Welshmen whom he besieged in Harlech Castle we are told a pretty story. The Welsh captain had "been a soldier in the wars in France, whereupon he said that he had kept a castle in France so long that he made the old women in Wales speak of him, and that he would keep the castle [of Harlech] so long that he would make the old women in France speak of him." Harlech, high upon its cliff, standing fast, one of the sentinel band along that fine coast by which the proud Edwards and Henrys dominated Wales, was worthy such a boast and such a besieger. When the garrison could hold out no longer, this brave braggart yielded, on condition that Herbert would do what he could to save his life.

Sir Richard brought him to King Edward the Fourth, desiring his Highness to give him a pardon, since he yielded up a place of importance which he might have kept longer, upon this hope; but the king replying to Sir Richard Herbert that he had no power by his commission to pardon any, and therefore might, after the representation hereof to his Majesty, safe deliver him up to justice, Sir Richard Herbert answered he had not yet done the best he could for him, and therefore most humbly desired his Highness to do one of two things, either to put him again in the castle where he was, and command some other to take him out, or if his Highness would not do so, to take his life for the said captain's, that being the last proof he could give that he used his utmost endeavor to save the said captain's life. The King finding himself urged thus far, gave Sir Richard Herbert the life of the said captain, but withall he bestowed no other reward for his service.

This would be a fine subject for a romantic poem, and the scene would afford a noble background for all the stirring circumstances of siege and parley: the sea rolling softly over the broad sands with their border of marsh, far down below that mount of vision; the wild, half-savage men-at-arms, looking out frantic from the battlements upon their burning huts and scattered families; while to the westward the calm mountains — great Snowdon and his brethren — stood out against the glow of the sunset, and the sacred isle of Bardsey dipped low into the waves all lit

with crimson and with gold. The Herberts were settled early on the disturbed Welsh frontiers, something as the early settlers of the Pale were in Ireland, but with more success in amalgamation. Lord Herbert, however, was born in Shropshire, at a house belonging to the family of his mother, the eldest of a large family of sons and daughters, one of whom was the gentle poet and churchman, George Herbert, whose saintly memory cannot be mentioned but with reverence. Their father was a squire of merely local distinction, "black-haired and bearded, of a manly and somewhat stern look, but withall very handsome and well compact in his limbs, and of a great courage;" their mother, a woman of the noblest character, celebrated in Donne's quaint and sweet verses, which bear so much affinity to those of her son. There were ten children, who all came to honor more or less. Edward, the eldest, begins betimes his record of personal experiences.

My infancy was very sickly, my head continually purging itself by the ears, whereupon also it was so long before I began to speak that many thought I should be ever dumb. The very furthest thing I remember is, that when I understood what was say'd by others I did yet forbear to speak, lest I should utter something that were imperfect or impertinent. When I came to talk, one of the furthest inquiries I made was how I came into this world? I told my nurse, keeper, and others, I found myself here indeed, but from what cause or beginning, or by what means, I could not imagine; but for this as I was laughed at by nurse and some other women that were then present, so I was wondered at by others, who said they never heard a child but myself ask that question; upon which, when I came to riper years, I made this observation, which afterwards a little comforted me, that as I found myself in possession of this life without knowing anything of the pangs and throes my mother suffered, when yet doubtless they did no less press and afflict me than her, so I hope my soul shall pass to a better life than this without being sensible of the anguish and pains my body shall feel in death. For as I believe then I shall be transmitted to a more happy estate by God's great grace, I am confident I shall no more know how I came out of this world than how I came into it.

This pious persuasion, which contrasts

touchingly the pensive yet calm reflections of the old man with the first inquisitive impulses of the child, will surprise many to whom Lord Herbert's name is associated with the cold and intellectual deism of an age of little faith. But by no possibility could the noble and gallant philosopher be considered a man of little faith. Whatever might be the tone of his formal philosophies, he lived in an age of miracles when wonder and mystery were still in the air, and the veriest unbeliever never dreamed of denying that magnificent and strange domain of the unseen that pressed upon him on every side. He was sceptical as to definite revelation written and formulated, but to his consciousness every man had a special revelation, a communication from heaven which awoke in him the heavenly portion of his spirit, and on the certainty of a great and good God founded all the teachings of virtue. His faith in this individual contact of God and nature with the dimly gifted and heavenly-born soul was so great, that he has himself palpable wonders and miracles to record. He goes on in a fine passage to compare the period before birth (on which he comments, and which he describes with a solemn frankness, which has gone out of fashion) in which organs are formed for use in a different stage of being, with this mortal life in which are nurtured and developed faculties which on earth can have no adequate and perfect use.

I believe since my coming into this world my soul hath formed or produced certain faculties which are almost as useless for this life as the above-named senses were for the mother's womb; and these faculties are Hope, Faith, Love, and Joy, since they never rest or fix upon any transitory or perishing object in this world, as extending themselves to something further than can be here given, and indeed acquiesce only in the perfect, eternal and infinite: I confess they are of some use here, yet I appeal to everybody, whether any worldly felicity did so satisfy their hope here, that they did not wish or hope for something more excellent; or whether they had ever that faith in their own wisdom, or in the help of man, that they were not constrained to have recourse to some diviner and superior power than they could find on earth, to relieve them in their

danger and necessity; whether ever they could place their love on any earthly beauty, that it did not fade and wither, if not frustrate and deceive them; or whether ever their joy was so consummate in anything they delighted in, that they did not want much more than it, or indeed this world can afford, to make them happy. The proper object of these faculties, therefore, though framed, or at least appearing, in this world, is God only, upon whom Faith, Hope, and Love were never placed in vain, or remain long unrequited.

With such sentiments as these most readers will give permission to the author to philosophize as he pleases, without demanding too strict an account of the details of his creed. But this is for the moment far in advance of the autobiography, which retires gently from those pensive heights, to fall back upon the recollections of his thoughtful and curious childhood. It is not surprising that the boy who, as soon as he could speak, demanded to know what this world was and how he came thither, should be at Oxford at twelve, within the walls of King Alfred's College, "disputing in logic," and doing "in Greek oftener than in Latin" the exercises required of him. Even before this, however, there are particulars worthy of notice. He was very backward in acquiring Welsh — a tongue that evidently baffled his best endeavors; but derived from his early study of that troublesome language certain recollections of his tutor, whom he "remembers with honor," as having triumphed over his temper. "I never saw him angry during the time of my stay there, and have heard so much of him for many years before. When occasion of offence was given him, I have seen him redden in the face, and after remain for a while silent; but when he spoke, his words were so calm and gentle that I found he had digested his choler." "I never could attain this perfection," adds the biographer sadly. He was always "subject to choler and passion," — a family weakness which even George, his saintly brother, was not free of, but which Lord Herbert immediately offers a lively plea for, describing himself as "inclined to speak my mind freely, and indeed rather to imitate those who, having fire within doors, choose rather to give it

vent than suffer it to burn the house." The studies of the boyish student, however, who was so much more skilful in Greek than in Welsh, were considerably interrupted. For one thing, his father died, which withdrew him for a short time from college: and this event was followed soon after by a very extraordinary incident. Another gentleman of the race, a certain Sir Willim Herbert of St. Gilians, brother of the Earl of Pembroke, had one sole daughter, to whom he left his possessions, on condition that she should marry a Herbert. If this condition was not complied with, the property was to go to more distant relations of the name; but "there was none of the Herberts who either in age or fortune was fit to match her," and the poor heiress, aged then twenty-one, saw before her the probability of losing all her fair estates, and falling into the position of a poorly endowed gentlewoman. In these circumstances, Edward Herbert at university, with his precocious Greek, just fifteen, but handsome and likely, was suggested as the necessary husband. He says nothing of any feeling on the matter, or of the lady's personal qualifications, but the result was, that the marriage took place "upon the eight-and-twentieth of February 1598, in the house at Eytton," where he had been born. Some time later this strange pair, accompanied by the mother of Herbert, went to Oxford, where he finished his studies. Imagination is puzzled to depict to itself such a family. The wife of twenty-one in all the importance of a great heiress—what a thing it must have been for her to descend from the heights of her womanhood to the fifteen-year-old boy, prodigy though he was!—but on this point the husband says nothing. Later, we find a full account of a scene between them which proves the Lady Mary to have been no cipher, at least in her own house; but necessity made strange alliances in these violent times. It would be curious to know where they had their home in Oxford: the beautiful and gracious mother scarcely past her bloom, the young wife with a touch of shame and humiliation in any affection she can have borne her boy bridegroom, and he, in all the phlegm of fifteen, bearing his honors calmly—a father while still little more than a child. He gives us to understand that this premature marriage kept him out of mischief while at the university, so that probably he was himself pleased with his union. And notwithstanding the preoccupations

of a married man, he managed to learn French, Italian, and Spanish, besides his classical attainments, and "to sing any part at first sight in Musick, and to play on the lute." The languages he acquired that he might make himself a citizen of the world: the music, that he might entertain himself at home, and "that I might not need the company of young men in whom I observed, in those times, much ill example and debauchery." The early marriage had evidently promoted a somewhat pedantic virtue, which is not an unusual accompaniment of premature privileges. Unfortunately, he did not always keep up to this desirable level.

Here Herbert pauses to give "to my posterity" certain counsels upon education, both mental and physical. In the first place, he is strongly of opinion that hereditary diseases of all sorts can be extirpated from the constitution by careful effort. The remedies he recommends for some of these constitutional disorders are curiously simple. "Posset drinks of herbs" will take away a tendency to stone, and "the bathing of children's legs and feet in the water wherein Smyths quench their iron" is sovrain for a gouty constitution. There are also such things as *Olium Castorij*, which it is good to use, "but not without advice. They also that are subject to the Spleen from their ancestors, ought to use those herbs that are spleneticks, and those that are troubled with the Falling Sickness with Cephaniques." While on this subject, Lord Herbert thinks it right to add that a knowledge of medicine is a thing very useful in the education of a gentleman, "especially the diagnostic part, whereby he may take timely notice of a disease, and by that means timely prevent it, as also the prognostic part, whereby he may judge of the symptoms either increasing or decreasing in the disease, as also concerning the crisis and indication thereof."

This art [he adds] will get a gentleman not only much knowledge but much credit, since seeing any sick body he will be able to tell in all human probability whether he shall recover; or if he shall die of the disease, to tell what signs shall go before, and what the conclusion shall be. It will become him also to know not only the ingredients but doses of certain Medicines. . . . Besides, I would have a gentleman know how to make these Medicines himself, and afterwards prepare them with his own hands, it being the manner of Apothecaries so frequently to put in the Succedanea that no man is sure to find these Medicines made with the true drugs which ought to enter into the composition when it is exoticque

and rare; or when they are extant in the shop, no man can be assured that the said drugs are not rotten, or that they have not lost their natural force and virtue. I have studied this art very much also, and have in case of extremity ministered Physick with that success which is strange, whereof I shall give two or three examples.

These examples are not at all unlike the cases appended to advertisements of patent medicines, quackery being alike in all ages, and having its chances and triumphs like every other art. We suspect there are few weaknesses more dear to the imagination, the wisest of us being not much removed from the proverbial old woman in our love of an unlicensed cure, and of dabbling with possibilities in this particular. But Lord Herbert's advice that "it will become a gentleman" to be an amateur physician, points to necessities of the time, and of the rank which made such an one the earthly providence of many dependants. He adds a list of books in which they may find instruction. "You must look upon all Pharmacopœias or Antidotaries of several countries," he adds — antidotaries being, he tells us, a part of the dispensatories; "for when poisons were in fashion, antidotes were so also. There is a book called 'Aurora Medicorum,' very fit to be read in this kind;" and he becomes picturesque when he recommends — though "pretending no further than to give some few directions to my posterity," — the study of simples, medicines which are of vegetable origin being more "happy and safe" than any other.

In the mean while, I conceive it a fine Study and worthy a gentleman to be a good Botanique, that so he may know the nature of all Herbs and Plants, being our Fellow-creatures and made for the use of man; for which purpose it will be fit for him to cull out of some good Herball all the Icones, together with the description of them, and to lay by themselves all such as grow in England, and afterwards to select again such as usually grow by the Highwayside, in Meadows, by Rivers, or in Marshes, or in Cornfields, or in dry and mountainous places, or on Rocks, Walls, or in shady places, such as grow by the Sea-side; for this being done, and the said Icones being ordinarily carried by themselves or their servants, one may presently find out every Herb he wants withall. . . . And thus much of Medicine may not only be usefull but delectable to a gentleman, since which way soever he passeth, he may find something to entertain him. I must no less commend the study of Anatomy, which whosoever considers I believe will never be an Atheist, the frame of man's body and coherence of his parts being so strange and paradoxical

that I hold it to be the greatest miracle of nature; though when all is done, I do not find she hath made it so much as proof against one Disease, lest she should be thought to have made it no less than a prison to the soul.

Leaving this, which is an accomplishment belonging to the external part of life, the philosopher proceeds to recommend to his posterity the nobler virtues of the soul. Having first "passed over all human Literature" — for he has a full appreciation of the uses of classical education, and sets them forth in their place — he pauses to note that he does not approve for elder brothers the same course of study, "as if they meant to proceed Masters of Art and Doctors in some science." For these natural leaders of the race, in whom, as being one of them, he takes a special interest, he thinks logic and a little philosophy very necessary, one year being given to the latter and six months to the former subject, along with geography, and something of the government, manners, and religions of other countries, and the use of the celestial globe ("I do not conceive yet the knowledge of judicial Astrology so necessary," he adds with fine gravity, "but only for general predictions, particular events being neither intended by nor collected out of the Stars"); arithmetick also is good, and geometry, though the latter is "not much usefull for a gentleman, unless it be to understand fortifications." When he has laid down these fundamental principles, he passes on to the moral virtues. That virtue is better than learning is the burden of his teaching. "Everybody loves virtuous persons, whereas the vicious do never love one another" — a virtuous man is at home wheresoever he goes, through all the religions and all the laws of the world. In short, he says, with a kind of noble enthusiasm, "this Virtue I commend to my posterity as the greatest perfection he can attain unto in this Life, and the pledge of eternal Happiness hereafter, there being none that can justly hope for an union with the supreme God that doth not come as near to Him in this life in Virtue and Goodness as he can." But yet if such an one falls short, there is restoration for him; and the views of the old philosopher, looking back upon a life which has had its stormy chapters, and feeling that he has safely outlived that phase, are tolerant and merciful. He considers that sin is generally a blunder, an unfortunate accident by which "we mistook a true good for that which was only apparent," and that though "it will be fit

for every man to confess that he hath offended an infinite Majesty and Power, yet as upon better consideration he finds he did not mean infinitely to offend," so there is no reason to suppose that an infinite punishment will be dealt to him, but only some temporal penalty here or hereafter; for "I hope none are so wicked as to sin purposely and with a high hand," says this indulgent moralist, by whom, it is evident, long before it became a question of theological discussion, the doctrine of eternal punishment was quietly disposed of—a gentle sort of purgatorial arrangement taking its place. Herbert, however, lapses into a whimsical unconscious humor, leavened grotesquely with the fierceness of his time, when he speaks of the special virtue, among others, of forgiveness. "Certainly to such kinds of persons" (*i.e.*, women, children, and the ignorant) "Forgiveness will be proper," he says, with admirable gravity—"in which kind I am confident no man of my time hath exceeded me; for tho' whensoever my honour hath been engaged, no man hath ever been more forward to hazard his life, yet where with my honour I cou'd forgive, I never used revenge, as leaving it *always to God, who, the less I punish mine enemies, will inflict so much the more punishment upon them.*" This exquisite reason gave the polite and virtuous Horace Walpole, who edits Lord Herbert's book, such a shock, that he rushes in horror into a footnote: "Is it forgiveness to remit a punishment on the hope of its being doubled?" he cries; but in the days of Elizabeth and James men were not so particular, and the fierce meekness of the dashing noble who had fought as many duels as he had fingers on his hand, and cannot help a thrill of remembered delight as he puts them all hot and glowing into his biography, is very diverting at least, if it is not a fine moral spectacle. Lord Herbert adds, with a sigh of conscious virtue, that he has not found this ready forgiveness of his answer: his servants, tenants, etc., whom he has freely forgiven, have only taken advantage of it to offend more frequently; but the "inward peace and comfort" he has gotten by it is beyond anything he can say.

Having thus set forth the necessity of religion and virtue, with a passing word upon temperance as "universally requisite," he recommends a wise selection of those virtues which are adapted for each several occasion—all virtues not being universally appropriate: and adds the

quaint promise that "whosoever by the benefit of true Wisdom makes use of the right Virtue on all emergent occasions, *I dare say would never be constrained to have recourse to Vice.*" He then proceeds to matters more external, recommending "Rhetorick or Oratory" as an art well worth a gentleman's while to study; but warns his posterity against "an affected eloquence" as being worse than no culture at all. "Men who fortify and uphold their speeches with strong and evident reasons, have ever operated more," he says, "on the minds of the auditors than those who have made rhetorical excursions;" with an evident recollection of the euphuism then dying out, which had been the most fashionable of follies. "It is a general note that a man's Wit is best showed in his Answer, and his Valour in his Defence," he adds; and recommends—with the judicious and safe criticism that "neither of the two I can think so exact in their Orations but that a middle style will be of more efficacy"—Aristotle's "Rhetoric" and Cicero "*De Oratore.*" Then comes the outward exercise of the body, "as riding the Great Horse, Fencing, and Dancing." For the latter, "I cou'd never find leisure enough to learn it;" but as it gives "a good presence in and address to all companies," it is not unworthy consideration. These graces came to Herbert by nature; but that his posterity should all be so gifted was perhaps too much to expect. Fencing a young man should learn, "but not before he is eleven or twelve years of age." "I have had much experience both in the Fleuret or Foyle, as also when I fought in good earnest with many persons at one and the same time, as will appear in the sequell of my life. And indeed I think I shall not speak vaingloriously of myself, if I say that no man understood the use of his weapon better than I did, or hath more dexterously prevailed himself thereof on occasions; since I found no man could be hurt but through some error in fencing." Riding he gives still more space to, with all the precautions necessary to be taken to train "the Great Horse," as he invariably calls it, for battle, duels, etc., the rules for which are very precisely given. "It will be fit also for a gentleman to learn to swim," he continues, though with the addition that "in my own particular I cannot swim, for as I was once in danger of drowning by learning to swim, my mother upon her blessing charged me never to learn Swimming, telling me further that she had

heard of more drowned than saved by it, which reason, though it did not prevail with me," adds the son, dutiful though wise, "yet the commandment did," — a sentence well worthy the study of all brisk young intellects contemptuous of maternal judgment. "Riding of racing horses" is a thing our philosopher distinctly disapproves, not only because there is "much cheating in that kind," but for the following fine reason — "Neither do I see why a brave man should delight in a creature whose chief use is to help him to run away." Hunting takes up too much time for "a man studious to get knowledge." A little bowling is to be allowed, "so that the company be choice and good;" but "the exercises I wholly condemn are Dicing and Carding." With a warning against these, the manual closes; and we return from the wise instructions to his posterity of the old man in his leisure and contemplative age, to the young gallant who, trained and perfected by the practice he recommends, left Oxford with his household, his mother and wife, and a retinue greater than was quite appropriate either to "her widow's estate or such young beginners as we were," and set up house in London, having "attained the age betwixt eighteen and nineteen," though already a husband and father, in all the bloom of virtuous and temperate youth. Here is a very pretty anecdote of his first appearance at court. It was "about the year of our Lord 1600" that he went to London, shortly before the attempt of the Earl of Essex; and this scene which follows soon after gives us a curious glimpse into the interior of that strange and agitated centre of life.

Curiosity rather than ambition brought me to Court; and as it was the manner of those times for all men to kneel down before the great Queen Elizabeth, who then reigned, I was likewise on my knees in the Presence Chamber when she passed by to the Chappel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me she stopt, and swearing her usual oath, demanded, who is this? Everybody there present looked upon me, but no man knew me, 'till Sir James Croft, a Pensioner, finding the Queen stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married Sir William Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter: the Queen hereupon looked attentively upon me, and swearing again her ordinary oath, said it is pity he was married so young; and thereupon gave her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me on the cheek.

This picture of "the great Queen Eliza-

beth" old and sad, her heart wrung with "that attempt of the Earl of Essex," and all the misery, and ingratitude, and falsehood it involved, with the hopes and plans of her imperial life dropping to pieces about her, and her days ending in storm and failure, yet with that keen perception which is a royal quality, stopping at sight of the fresh, new face, the handsome stripling on his knees, and patting his healthful cheek with so natural a smile and sigh — is wonderfully interesting and pathetic. No Tudor, nor yet any Stewart, could pass over beauty and youth; and Edward Herbert came of a handsome race, and was a youth to take any observing eye. A regretful sense of that bloom that can come but once must have mingled in the queen's graciousness to the beautiful lad, who had entered in his very childhood upon the cares of life. Nor was Herbert unaware of his own personal gifts. The next incident in his career is the accession of King James, when he was one of the gentlemen who rode out to meet the new sovereign. He got the order of the Bath immediately after; and "I could tell how much my person was commended by the lords and ladies that came to the solemnity then used," he says, "but I shou'd flatter myself too much if I believed it." His head, perhaps, was a little turned by praise and pageantry, and he was now for the first time exposed to the temptations of a court, and all those enticements from which the society of his wife and mother had sheltered him at the university. Nothing so fine, so beautiful and gay, had hitherto crossed his gentle seclusion. The second day after his knighthood he had to ride from St. James's to Whitehall in robes of crimson taffeta, and afterwards in still greater bravery, with the following romantic addition: —

The third day to wear a Gown of Purple Satin, upon the left Sleeve whereof is fastened certain strings weaved of white Silk and Gold tied in a knot, and tassels to it of the same, which all the Knights are obliged to wear 'till they have done something famous in Arms, or 'till some lady of Honour take it off and fasten it on her Sleeve, saying, I will answer he shall prove a good Knight. I had not long worn this string but a principal Lady of the Court, and certainly in most men's opinion the handsomest, took mine off, and said she would pledge her Honour for mine. I do not name this lady, because some passages happened afterwards which oblige me to Silence, tho' nothing could be justly said to her prejudice or wrong.

Who this lady was, Horace Walpole

says regretfully it is impossible at this distance of time to ascertain. The book was not published till 1778, when all the throbbings of the hearts under those purple gowns had long been silenced. We are glad she has escaped the gossip, this nameless lady, "the Fairest of her time;" but for Lady Herbert, most likely just beginning to feel that her boy husband was something to be rather proud than ashamed of, this sudden interposition of a Fairest must have been discomposing. He had been the most virtuous of youthful mates, as he tells us; but perhaps it was not wonderful that the seductions of the court, and the great ladies smiling upon him, and the pledge of her honor for his, should have intoxicated the youth. Yet he kept his sobriety, and even his desire "to follow my beloved studies in a country life," for some years longer—returning to court when duty called him, without ambition, and still less without being "tainted with corrupt delights." He was twenty-seven, an accomplished fine gentleman and person of distinction, when his life changed altogether, and he set off on his travels after the following curious discussion and settlement of affairs. The frankness, yet honest deference to his duties, of the husband, is more attractive in this scene than the demeanor of the wife; but the voiceless person in every such record has always the worst of it, and perhaps Lady Herbert on her side saw things in a different light. Here is the account of as odd a transaction between a married pair as we remember to have known:—

About the year 1608 my two daughters, called Beatrice and Florance, who lived not yet long after, and one son Richard, being born and come to so much maturity that, tho' in their mere childhood, they gave no little hopes of themselves for the future time, I called them all before my wife, demanding how she liked them; to which she answered, Well. I demanded whether she was willing to do so much for them as I wou'd; whereupon she, replying, demanded what I meant by that. I told her that, for my part, I was too young for a man, and she not old for a woman, that our Lives were in the hands of God, that if He pleased to call either of us away, that party which remained might marry again, and have children by some other, to which our Estates might be disposed; for preventing whereof I thought fit to motion to her that if she wou'd assure upon the Son any quantity of Land from £300 to £1,000, I wou'd do the like; but my wife not approving hereof, answered in these express words, that she would not draw the Cradle upon her head. Whereupon I, desiring her to advise better upon the

business, and to take some few days' respite for that purpose, she seemed to depart from me not very well contented. About a week or ten days after, I demanded again what she thought concerning the motion I had made, to which yet she said no more, but that she thought she had already answered me sufficiently to the point. I told her then that I should make another motion to her, which was that in regard I was too young to go beyond Sea before I married her, she now wou'd give me leave awhile to see foreign countries; howbeit if she wou'd assure her lands as I wou'd mine, in the manner above-mentioned, I wou'd never depart from her. She answered that I knew her mind before concerning that point, yet that she shou'd be sorry I went beyond sea: nevertheless if I wou'd go she could not help it. This, whether a License taken or given, served my turn to prepare without delay for a Journey beyond sea, that so I might satisfy that curiosity I long since had to see foreign countries. So that I might leave my wife so little discontented as I could, I left her not only posterity to renew the family of the Herberts of St. Gillians, according to her Father's desire, to inherit his Lands, but the Rents of all the Lands she brought with her, reserving mine own partly to pay my brothers' and sisters' Portions and defraying my charges abroad. Upon which terms, though I was sorry to leave my wife, as having lived most honestly with her all this time, I thought it no such unjust ambition to attain the knowledge of foreign Countries, especially since I had in great part already attained the Languages, and that I intended not to spend any long time out of my country.

This sounds something very like a separation between the two so strangely matched; and except in a note that she declined to accompany him to France at a later period when he went as ambassador, we hear no more of Lady Herbert. Her refusal to "draw the cradle upon her head" by settling an income upon her son, and his complacent recollection that he has "left her posterity" are equally quaint and out of the way. We have not, it is true, her side of the question; but the thoughtful young father, determined, whatever should happen, to make sure of his little boy's fortune, is more engaging than the severer withholding of the woman, in whose heart who can tell what soreness was lingering. It had been a matter of posterity altogether her marriage and her life, and perhaps she kept a bitter hold in consequence on the lands, for the sake of which she had been disposed of so summarily. As for our hero, he was always clear on the subject of his duty. He had her consent, whether willingly given or not, and he had provided for his brothers and sisters, "to gratify my

mother as well as those so near me," settling upon each of his six brothers thirty pounds a year each, and to his sisters a thousand pounds, with which portion all of them married becomingly. Clearly there was no running away from any duty in Edward Herbert's actions. He had set everything in order, and his wife had no reason to give why he should not leave her. And that head, so well stored with all the knowledge of the time, was full of a thousand adventures as well, and eager to get out into the larger world—if indeed we can describe in this light way the desire of the fine young cavalier and high-bred gentleman to see foreign countries, and perhaps flesh his maiden sword and gain himself distinction in "the Warres." There was nothing going on in England to make that possible, but "the Warres" were always in progress in Germany or somewhere else, and glory to be bought with a little bloodshed. As for that, however, our hero had already amused himself with a little duelling. Three times already he had "engaged myself to challenge men to fight with me who I conceived had injured ladies or gentlewomen," according to the oath he took when he was made a knight of the Bath—an oath which it appears he considered himself bound by, to the great indignation and scorn of his editor, who interposes another footnote to the effect that the said oath is a piece of "profane pageantry." "It is strange mockery to invoke Heaven on so trifling an occasion," cries the elegant Horace; "and it would be more strange if every Knight, like the conscientious Lord Herbert, thought himself bound to cut a man's throat every time a Miss lost her top-knot!" Thus the eighteenth century, vastly superior in its sense and cynicism, rebukes the romance of the seventeenth. But the reader being of the nineteenth, will have more sympathy with the gallant cavalier, to whom it would have been vulgar profanity to speak of the lady who commissioned him to recover her ribband as a miss who had lost her top-knot, than with Horace Walpole. It disturbs our ideas of the formal and grandiose life of that still romantic period, to see the French chevalier snatch Mademoiselle Ventadour's ribband from her head, like a romping schoolboy, and fasten it in his bonnet. But then the young lady was only eleven. Sir Edward Herbert, however, a fine knight-errant, was luckily at hand to vindicate her womanly claims to reverence and respect; and though his

oath of the Bath is a great thing to invoke in such a quarrel, the French chevalier was glad to be rid of his opponent, and probably behaved all the better afterwards. It is this mixture of inimitable gravity and serious meaning in so many levities which makes our knight by turns almost as fine as Quixote himself. "I can truly say that though I have lived in the armies and courts of the greatest princes in Christendom, yet I never had a quarrel with man for mine own sake," he announces seriously. "For my friends often have I hazarded myself, but never yet drew my sword for my own sake singly, as hating ever the doing of injury, contenting myself only to resent them when they were offered to me." But not less did this gallant readiness to avenge any lady's "top-knot" get our noble young hero glory in France, where the brave Englishman's spirit and valor, as well as his handsome person and fine manners, were the admiration of everybody. He was great in society, behaving himself like a noble cavalier; and he was great in field sports, every morning mounting "the Great Horse," hunting the wolves and boars in the Duke de Montmorency's forests, and making himself a hundred friends. These were the days of Henri Quatre, who received the young visitor graciously, "embracing him in his arms;" and the fair Queen Margaret de Valois placed him publicly next to her chair, "not without the wonder of some, and the envy of another," as was natural. In this way his desire "to see strange countries" was nobly gratified. But distinguished as he was by all that was noble and beautiful, Herbert caught sight of another at Henry's court, who was still more favored than himself—a man with little of his own fascination, who moved him, if not to envy, at least to admiration and emulation.

There was a sudden whisper among the ladies, saying, "C'est Monsieur Balagny," "Tis Monsieur Balagny:" whereupon also I saw the ladies and gentlewomen, one after another, invite him to sit near them; and, which is more, when one lady had his company a while, another would say, "You have enjoyed him long enough, I must have him now;" at which bold civility of theirs, tho' I were astonished, yet it added to my wonder that his person could not be thought at most but ordinary handsome: his hair, which was cut very short, half grey; his Doublet but of sackcloth, cut to his shirt, and his breeches of plain grey cloth. Informing myself by some standers-by who he was, I was told that he was one of the gallantest men in the world.

Of this Balagny and his gallantry we shall hear more hereafter. Herbert returned home in about a year's time, carrying messages from the French court to the English; but in 1610 was again on his way — this time to no courtly receptions or hunting of the boar, but to the Low Country, where the war had sprung up about Cleves and Juliers, to the great satisfaction of the young gentlemen who wanted to see a little fighting. He and another young Englishman, "my Lord Shandois," a knight of about his own standing, set out, with all the heat of martial adventure, to the siege of Juliers, where an English contingent was serving under Sir Edward Cecil with the troops of the Prince of Orange. The English and French for once, in the course of centuries, were fighting on the same side; and there was great competition of valor among the young soldiers and many a foolhardy exploit. The following incident will show how they incited each other to acts as foolish as they were daring:—

One day Sir Edward Cecil and myself coming to the approaches that Monsieur de Balagny had made towards a Bullwark or Bastion of the city, Monsieur de Balagny, in the presence of Sir Edward Cecil and diverse English and French captains then present, said, "Monsieur, on dit que vous êtes un des plus braves de votre nation, et je suis Balagny; allons voir qui fera le mieux."—"They say you are one of the bravest of your nation, and I am Balagny; let us see who will do best;" whereupon, leaping suddenly out of the Trenches with his sword drawn, I did in the like manner as suddenly follow him, both of us in the mean while striving who should be foremost, which being perceived by those of the Bullwark or Cortine opposite to us, three or four hundred shot at least, great and small, was made against us. Our running on forwards in emulation of each other was the cause that all the shots fell betwixt us and the trench from which we sallied. When Monsieur Balagny, finding such a storm of bullets, said, "Par Dieu, il fait bien chaud," "It is very hot here," I answered briefly thus: "Vous en ires premier, autrement je n'iray jamais," "You shall go first, or else I will never go;" whereupon he ran with all speed, and somewhat crouching towards the Trenches: I followed after, leisurely and upright, and yet came within the Trenches before they on the Bullwark or Cortine could charge again; which passage being afterwards reported to the Prince of Orange, he said it was a strange bravado of Balagny, and that we went to an unavoidable death.

This foolish feat reminds us of Quentin Durward or some other of Sir Walter's

daring heroes: but no, it is too foolish for Quentin, who had, like most of Sir Walter's heroes, a certain foundation of common sense under his unhesitating courage. Balagny's feat is, with a far more genuine nationality, like one of the exploits of the *Trois Mousquetaires*; indeed there is a certain breakfast in a bastion which occurs to us at the moment which is extremely like this useless bit of brag — which the graver Englishman indeed outbrags, but with a sense of its folly and even stupidity, as he marches solemnly back amid the dropping bullets.

It might have been supposed that from such a narrative we should have had some enlightening glimpses of the war and its management; but strangely enough, this is not the case. Herbert leaves the history entirely apart, summing up in a sentence all that he chooses to say of the larger current of affairs; and even that does not touch the greater question, but only his own share in it. "I could relate divers things of note *concerning myself* during the siege," he says, "but do forbear, lest I should relish too much of vanity; it shall suffice that my passing over the ditch into the wall first of all the nations there, is set down by William Crofts, Master of Arts and soldier, who hath written and printed the history of the Low Country." He then proceeds to fill several pages with a very graphic account of "a particular quarrel between me and my Lord of Walden;" of the troubles he was put to to procure "a great Horse" on which to fight his duel, and the manner in which this duel was prevented; and how, in despite of the failure, he offered battle to Balagny, who refused, and finally made a sort of Berserker rush, with a passion scarcely becoming so fine a gentleman, upon a party led by Sir Thomas Somerset, retiring after he had driven them into their tents, somewhat mournfully, "finding now nothing else to be done," and having received "only a slight hurt on the outside of my ribs, and two thrusts, the one through the skirts of my doublet, and the other through my breeches, and about eighteen nicks upon my sword and hilt." These little divertissements varied the course of the siege, which, save by moments, does not seem to have been exciting enough for the overflowing spirits of the assailants, who thus carried on a succession of private warfares on their own account and among themselves, in the most brotherly way in the world. Nothing can be more curious as an instance of the operations of the mind than Herbert's

long and circumstantial account of the Scotch lieutenant who lent him his chief's horse, and would fain have accompanied him to the fray as his second, and was near losing his place in consequence had not he (Herbert) taken a great deal of trouble (among other things offering to fight "Sir James Areskine," the superior officer — always an ingratiating and conciliatory suggestion) to get his conduct explained and excused. That this trifling, if picturesque, piece of business should surge up in his mind so many years after, and be thought worthy of record for his posterity when so many matters of far greater moment must have been passing before his eyes, is wonderfully instructive and curious. The strange scraps that a capacious memory hoards up — straws and rags like the materials of a bird's nest — were never better exemplified. One would have supposed that his meetings with the great commanders who afterwards paid him so many compliments, would have been better worth recollecting than all this about Lieutenant Montgomery. But throughout this curious work there is scarcely a word which can throw any light upon the history of the time. But for the names, we should hardly be able to tell what the age was in which Sir Edward Herbert played so stirring a part. Henri Quatre does not tempt him to a single digression, nor any of the distinctions of his court; King James might be king anybody for all we see of him; not a gleam of perception of the character of his contemporaries breaks across the line of romantic adventures in which he himself is the chief figure. And yet he was a man of intelligence and education much above the common, full of curiosity and a desire to understand everything he saw, not without a perception of the beautiful in nature or the picturesque in society, and with so much philosophy in him as not only to write several books, but to frame a theory of his own. With all this, Herbert moves through the excitements and dangers of the age without betraying any further interest in them than concerns his own quarrels and friendships, and informs his posterity how my Lord of So-and-so declined to fight, and my lady had his portrait painted by "Mr. Isaac, the painter in Blackfriars," and wore it in her bosom, with the painful consequences which this indiscreet admiration led to; but little more. To think of the old soldier and statesman — he who had fought like a paladin and been renowned as one of the bravest of his

nation, who had represented England worthily at the magnificent court of France, and who, amid all the sturt and strife of his manhood, had composed a system of philosophy — sitting down in the calm of a retired life to put down his impressions for his posterity, and leaving them only these! Nothing could be more curious than such strange deposits of memory. But though they are very inadequate to Lord Herbert's character, they are more entertaining, perhaps, than had they been more worthy. And the egotism is perfectly cheerful and straightforward, offending nobody. He could not help being aware of his many and great advantages, and it pleased him to know that they were appreciated. He has a right to feel also that his descendants will be pleased; and is glad to let them know that their grandfather was a very fine gentleman, and as such received by all.

"If I may say it without vanity," he tells us, on his return to England, "I was in great esteem both in court and city, many of the greatest desiring my company." The lords of the Council sent for him, to make up the difference between him and the Lord of Walden; and the great Sackville, Earl of Dorset, taking him into his picture-gallery, showed him, behind a curtain of green taffeta, in a place of honor, his own portrait, "drawn by one Larkin, a painter," which was copied for no less a personage than Queen Anne herself, the wife of King Solomon, as well as for the other lady above-mentioned. It would seem, indeed, if his discreet references to "a great Person" who "sent for me divers times to attend her" are to be trusted, that the queen herself was not unmoved by this conquering hero. But in this point his virtue was proof to all seduction, "not only for very honest Reasons, but, to speak ingenuously, because that Affection passed between me and another lady (who, I believe, was the fairest of her time), as nothing could divert it." This being the case, it was hard upon the noble lover to be set upon by Sir John Ayres, the husband of the lady who wore that portrait in her bosom — at first with four armed men, while Herbert had but two lackeys after him, one of whom ran away — and afterwards "with at least 20 or 30 persons of his friends," against whom Herbert, wounded and dismounted, with but a broken bit of his sword left (more impressive, if not more death-dealing, than Mr. Irving's), stood manfully, supported by one Mr. Mansel, out of Glamorgan-

shire, and by a Scotch gentleman who was passing by, until (though with a dagger sticking in him, which Sir Henry Cary, afterwards Lord Falkland, the father of the noble Lucian, drew out) he had driven his adversary half dead to his boat, which lay at Whitehall stairs; for the affray occurred in a place now sacred to very different associations — Scotland Yard, to wit, the home and headquarters of justice. Imagine the sudden tumult, the wild curvettings of the wounded horse, the bleeding hero with his broken sword, and all the fierce band against him, in that dull enclosure which now houses the guardians of the public peace! The lords of the Privy Council, of all things in the world to do, sent for the broken sword, "that they might see the little fragment of a weapon with which I had so behaved myself as perhaps the like had never been heard in any credible way;" but afterwards commanded both the helligerents to appear before them. Herbert's danger was supposed to be so great that his friend, the Duc de Montmorency, sent a gentleman from France to invite him thither with great insistency. He was, however, as stubborn as he was brave, and would not budge; and soon, it would appear, the affair blew over, and he continued to frequent the court, "where I had more favors than I desired." What became of poor Lady Herbert all this time, and the "posterity" with which her gallant husband had left her provided, we are not informed. Unless she had found other ways of amusing herself, that poor lady, who was evidently a woman not entirely given up to her nursery, must have felt life a dull affair enough.

In 1614 the wars began again, and Herbert set out at once to offer his service to the Prince of Orange, who received him so graciously that both the English and French commanders were full of envy. Once more, however, except as respects his own exploits, the brilliant autobiographer is silent as to the history of the struggle. A certain town which he calls Rice (Rees, in the duchy of Cleves) is the centre of the landscape, and the boldness of a reconnaissance which he made alone, and by which it was discovered that the enemy, supposed to be within reach, had disappeared, is the chief incident. Nothing can be more unlike our present bloody and business-like battles than the picture of a well-conducted, and on the whole friendly, sort of war, — something more dangerous than a tournament, but not altogether unlike it, with generous out-

bursts of emulation, and the most chivalrous rivalry for glory, — which is conveyed to us by his narrative. "Nothing memorable happened after this betwixt those two great generals for the space of many weeks," and nothing had happened before, except the peaceable yielding of a town or two, and the graceful retirement of Spinola's army. One morning the camp was delightfully excited by the appearance of a trumpeter from the Spanish army, "with a challenge from a Spanish cavalier to this effect — that if any cavalier in our camp would fight a single combat for the sake of his mistress, the old Spaniard would meet him, upon assurance of the camp." Who can doubt that this challenge was instantly and joyfully "accepted by me between 10 and 11 of the clock," as soon as the report reached him? The Prince of Orange, however, threw cold water on the project; and before Herbert could reply, another trumpeter from Spinola appeared refusing to permit the challenge: whereupon Herbert, not to be outdone, set out for the Spanish camp, to challenge that army on his own account. He did not indeed accomplish his purpose, but he was received by Spinola, coming fresh out of the headquarters of the opposing general as he did, with the same cordiality which everybody showed him; and on taking his leave, so pleased was he with the courteous Spaniard, "I told him that if ever he did lead an army against the Infidel, I should adventure to be the first man who would die in that quarrel." This, however, was not all; for the visitor asked leave to see the army, and inspected it, observing, with much satisfaction, "the difference in the proceedings betwixt the Low Country Army and Fortifications." Thus the war was carried on in a fashion so courtly and well-bred as to make it indeed a school of fine manners and chivalrous sentiments. How much share the rank and file had in these magnificent courtesies may be divined from the following anecdote, which, always with the same modest intention of making his own character an example to his descendants, our hero thus sets forth: —

I must not omit with thankfulness to remember a favor his Excellency [the Prince of Orange] did me at this time — for a Soldier having killed his fellow-Soldier in the quarter where they were lodged, which is an unpardonable fault, inasmuch that no man would speak for him, the poor fellow comes to me, and desires me to beg his life of his Excellency; whereupon I demanding whether he

had ever heard of a man pardoned in this kind, and he saying No, I told him it was in vain then for me to speak; when the poor fellow, writhing his neck a little, said, "Sir, but were it not better you should cast away a few words than I lose my life." This piece of eloquence moved me so much, that I went straight to his Excellency and told him what the poor fellow had said, desiring him to excuse me if upon these terms I took the boldness to speak for him. There was present at that time the Earl of Southampton, as also Sir Edward Cecil and Sir Horace Vere, as also Monsieur de Chastillon, and divers other French Commanders; to whom his Excellency turning himself, said in French, "Do you see this cavalier? with all that courage you know, he hath yet that good-nature to pray for the Life of a poor Soldier: tho' I had never pardoned any before in this kind, yet I will pardon this at his request;" so commanding him to be brought over and disposed of as I thought fit, whom therefore I released and set free.

Thus all things redound to the glory of our hero. He makes a hasty journey through Italy after this, and accepts an offer made him by the Duke of Savoy to raise a regiment and command it — a commission which brings him into great danger of his life. While on this enterprise, however (which he eventually gives up), riding through Burgundy, he comes to a country inn, where the host's daughter was reported to be the handsomest woman that had ever been seen. Reason enough for our knight to pause here until he could see this prodigy, who was absent for the moment. While he waited he lay down to rest, and fell asleep, but on waking found her seated by him. The gratification he derived from the sight of her was so great, that he records her description in full. She had "hair of a shining black, naturally curled in that order that a curious woman would have dressed it; for one curl rising by degrees above another, and every Bout tied with a small ribband of a Naccarine, or the color that the Knights of the Bath wear, gave a very graceful mixture, while it was bound up in this manner from the point of her shoulder to the crown of her head;" her dress of "green Turkey Grogam, cut all into Panes or Slashes," was tied up in the same way; her eyes had a kind of light or flame in them, not unlike that which the Ribband exhibited; a prettier mouth or whiter teeth were never seen. "In conclusion," he says, with delightful candor and self-admiration, "after about an hour's stay, I departed thence without offering so much as the least Incivility; and indeed, after so much weariness, it

was enough that her sight alone did somewhat refresh me."

We need not linger long upon the lesser incidents of this brilliant career. The next summer after these events the Low Country army was not drawn into the field, so that the Prince of Orange "past his time at playing at Chess with me after dinner; or in going to Reswick with him to see his great Horses, or in making love; in which also he used me as his companion." These peaceful occupations, however, ceased to furnish the excitement necessary, and Herbert returned home, not without warlike adventures on the way. At Brussels he heard the company at the ordinary speaking ill of King James, on which "I told them in Italian — 'Son Inglese,' 'I am an Englishman, and should be unworthy to live if I suffered these words to be said of the king my master;' and therewithal turning myself to those who had injured the king, I said, 'You have spoken falsely, and I will fight with you all' — by which such a happy effect was produced, that the offenders asked the king's forgiveness, and his health was drunk all round the table. When he got to London he fell ill of a quartan ague (as we should now say, an attack of typhoid), and was just about again, ill and weak, and so worn as to be scarcely recognizable, when, walking abroad one day towards Whitehall, he met with "one Emerson, who spoke very disgraceful words of Sir Robert Harley, being then my dear friend." This was more than our magnanimous knight could bear; so "shaking him by a long beard he wore, I stepped a little aside and drew my sword in the street." His enemy ran away, and little harm seems to have been done; but once more "the Lords of the Council" sent for him to hear the rights of the matter, but "did not so much reprehend my taking part with my friend, as that I would adventure to fight, being in such a bad condition of health."

But we must not pause upon all the affairs of this kind that came upon Herbert's hands. The greatest distinction of his public life, his ambassadorship, remains to be told. He had been, it would appear, a little weary of an unoccupied life for some time, had bethought himself of the Duke of Savoy's commission to raise a regiment, placing the enterprise in his brother's hand, and had taken up for his own, in company with the Earl of Oxford, a plan for "raising two regiments for the Venetians," when he was suddenly informed that out of eighteen names sub-

mitted to the king he had been chosen as ambassador to France. This great news was so entirely unexpected, that Herbert felt little sensation but that of alarm when he was summoned to the Privy Council, before whom, on one occasion or another, he had so often appeared before. The messenger "came to my House among Gardens near the old Exchange."

Myself little knowing then the Honour intended me, askt the Messenger whether I had done any fault that the Lords sent for me so suddenly? wishing him to tell the Lords that I was going to dinner, and would afterwards attend them. I had scarce dined when another Messenger was sent: this made me hasten to Whitehall, where I was no sooner come but the Lords saluted me by the name of Lord Ambassador of France. I told their Lordships, thereupon, that I was glad it was no worse, and that I doubted that by their speedy sending for me some complaint, tho' false, might be made against me.

It is sufficiently whimsical that a man appointed to a high office of State should have been alarmed like a naughty school-boy by such a message; but not the less for this did he fill the post magnificently. It was in 1618 that Herbert, having provided himself as well as he could with money, through the means of bankers in the city, set out to fulfil his mission. The bells were tolling for the funeral of Anne of Denmark — she who had been disposed to look with favorable eyes upon this paladin — when he rode out of London. "It was a sad spectacle," he says, "to all that had occasion to honour her." But Paris was gay enough under a young king, and full of all the wit, and caprice, and brilliant interchange of talk with which he had been once familiar. The new king, however, was not so attractive a monarch as his father, nor was the court so brilliant. Neither in appearance nor character did Louis XIII. please the new ambassador. He was "so extreme a stutterm that he would sometimes hold his Tongue out of his mouth a good while before he could speak so much as one word, and had, besides, a double row of teeth;" and as he had been brought up in great ignorance, "he had the two Qualities incident to all who are Ignorantly brought up, Suspicion and Dissimulation." The king was at the same time entirely under the dominion of the Duc de Luynes, between whom and our envoy trouble continually arose. But in the mean time Herbert was, as ever, master of the situation. It appears to have been his intention to write a narrative of his mission,

including a history of his "negotiations with the king and State," the "divers civil wars in the country," "the business of the Elector Palatine in Bohemia," and "divers other memorable accidents both of State and war." He never seems to have carried out this intention, but it explains in this portion of his autobiography the absence of reference to the greater matters of State. Herbert flatters himself, however, that his ambassadorship was of the utmost service to his countrymen. "When I came, the English and French were in very ill intelligence with each other," he says. . . . "Nevertheless, when I had been in Paris about a month, all the English were so welcome hither, that no other nation was so acceptable among them." The glimpse he affords us into the manners of the court is not attractive, a very poor practical joke being the instance of courtier-like wit with which he presents us; but the amusements of society furnish a prettier picture.

Besides the time I spent in Treaties and Negotiations I had either with the Ministers of State in France or foreign ambassadors residing in Paris, I had spare time not only for my Books, but for visits to divers Grandees, for little more ends than obtaining some intelligence of the affairs of that Kingdom, and civil conversation, for which their free, generous, and cheerful company was no little motive, persons of all qualities being so addicted to have mutual Entertainment with each other, that in calm weather one might find all the noble and good company in Paris, of both sexes, either in the garden of the Tuileries, or in the park of the Bois de Vincennes, they thinking it almost an Incivility to refuse their presence and free discourse to any who were capable of coming to those places, either under the recommendation of good Parts, or but so much as handsome clothes and a good Equipage: when foul weather was, they spent their time in visits at each other's houses, where they interchanged civil Discourses, or heard Musick, or fell to Dancing, using, according to the manner of that country, all the reasonable Liberties they could with their Honour.

One of Herbert's great preoccupations here was to prevent the Spanish ambassador from taking precedence of him, as that solemn functionary was disposed to do. "The Spaniard then was so potent, that he seemed to affect a universal monarchy," which the other ambassadors with all their might, each man striving for himself and for his country, strenuously opposed. "All our endeavours yet could not hinder but that he both publicly pre-

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vailed in his attempts abroad, and privily did corrupt divers of the principal Ministers of State." Accordingly, the whole of the legations were thrilled with triumph when the English ambassador, by patience and adroitness, managed to get the *pas*, and drove past his Excellency of Spain in his coach, with such a sense of victory as a great battle could scarcely have procured him.

Grave questions, however, were not wanting, and Herbert was specially charged to defend "those of the Religion," whom De Luynes lost no occasion of influencing the king against. De Luynes would have "extirpated them as the Spaniards had done the Moors;" and the Duke of Guise went the length of informing the English ambassador that "they should never be happy in France till those of the Religion were rooted out." Herbert warned him with unconscious prophecy, that whenever those of the religion were put down, the time of the great persons would come: which speech, he says, was fatal, since "those of the Religion were no sooner reduced to that weak condition in which now they are, but the Governors of the Provinces were brought lower, and curbed much in their power and authority, and the Duke of Guise first of them all." He had, however, stronger arguments than this, and pressed upon the French court King James's care for the unfortunate Huguenots, "being charged to let the French king know that he would not permit their total ruin and extirpation." This persistence provoked De Luynes, who received the English remonstrances with a very bad grace, asking, "What hath the king your master to do with our Natives?" and, "We will have none of your advices." At last the altercation came to very high words indeed.

This, tho' somewhat less than was in my instructions, so angered him, that in much passion he said, "*Par Dieu, si vous n'êtes Monsieur Ambassadeur, je vous traiterois d'un autre sorte*"—"By God, if you were not Monsieur Ambassador, I would use you after another fashion." My answer was, that as I was an Ambassador, so I was also a gentleman; and therewithall, laying my hand upon the hilt of my sword, told him there was that should make him an answer, and so arose from my chair; to which Monsieur de Luynes made no reply, but arising likewise from his chair, offered civilly to accompany me to the door; but I, telling him there was no occasion for him to use ceremony after so rude an entertainment, I departed from him.

of the walls of St. Jean d'Angely, the siege of which had been begun, notwithstanding all the English ambassador's remonstrances. He withdrew with proud leisureliness, and spent three or four days examining the siege operations, sometimes venturing within reach of the cannon, before he would leave the place. His friends were in great alarm at the temerity of the stand he had made against the all-powerful minister, and eager to induce him to put himself in some place of safety. "I told them I was in a place of safety wheresoever I had my sword by my side," says the proud Englishman. But he had, it would seem, outrun his instructions, or else the government of the pacific James was not disposed to back up its servant at the cost of a war, and Herbert was recalled. He would have liked to "send a trumpet" with a challenge to the French minister, but this "was not permitted." The Duc de Luynes, however, died some time after, and Herbert resumed his post. When he asked for his instructions, he tells us, much to his embarrassment he received none, but was assured that "his Majesty had that experience of my abilities and Fidelity that he would give no instructions, but leave all things to my discretion." This flattering but overwhelming responsibility he at length accepted, and on his arrival in France "began to proceed in all publick affairs according to the liberty with which my master was pleased to honor me, confining myself to no rules but those of my own discretion." He had "enough to do," he afterwards informs us—"the French being jealous that the King my master would match the Prince his son with the King of Spain's sister, and relinquish his alliance with France." And the chief incident of Herbert's second embassy was the sudden passage through France of that same prince and the daring favorite Buckingham, on their rash and romantic expedition to Madrid. The exciting news was brought to him one night suddenly by a Scotsman, who asked, had he seen the prince, with startling abruptness. Herbert hastened next morning to the bedside of the French minister, who informed him that he was aware of the journey, and had given orders for the safety of the illustrious traveller. It would have been interesting to have had any glimpse of them, hurrying across land and sea on this wild errand—the visionary Charles with his long melancholy countenance, and Steenie

the dashing and splendid. But the alarm of the ambassador, and the early visit before the Frenchman had left his bed—who met him with assurances of goodwill so hearty, that Herbert sent a letter express after his prince, “desiring him to make haste out of France, and not to treat with any of the Religious by the way, since his being at Paris was known”—are all we hear of this sudden, exciting surprise, and what came of it. There seems to have been, as there might still be, a rush of English gazers after the travellers. “Many of the nobility and others of the English Court being now desirous to see the Prince, did pass through France to Spain, taking my house by the way.” And it was by one of these followers that Herbert sent another letter, professing his grief not to have received his prince on the road,—“which occasioned,” he says with courtly satisfaction, “his Highness afterwards to write a letter to me wholly with his own hand, and subscribe his name, your Friend CHARLES, in which he did abundantly satisfy all the Unkindness I might conceive on this occasion.”

This is about the last incident Herbert narrates; but there are many encounters of wit, and bold adaptations of the tools of diplomacy, which he records with pleasure and a fine complacency, in order that his posterity, personally interested in his credit, may have the satisfaction of seeing that he was always equal to what was required of him. On one occasion he was visited unexpectedly by an envoy from Spain on his way to England, the Count de Gondomar, whose object it seems to have been to trick the English ambassador into a show of intimacy, such as might give umbrage to the court to which he was accredited. Gondomar desired that the coach of the ambassador should accompany him out of Paris; but Herbert was too wary to fall into the snare of the Spaniard. “I told him, after a free and merry manner, he should not have my coach, and that if he demanded it, it was not because he needed coaches—the Pope’s Nuntio, the Emperor’s Ambassador, the Duke of Bavaria’s agent, having coaches enough to furnish him—but because he would put a Jealousie betwixt me and the French.” The Spaniard then proposed to dine with him; but neither in that way would Herbert commit himself. His excuse was, that if the ambassador of so great a king dined with him, it should be “at a feast worthy of so great a person,”—and to mark his re-

fusal, he adopted the following expedient:—

I desired some of my Gentlemen to bring his Gentlemen into the Kitchen, where after my usual manner were three Spits full of Meat, divers pots of boyled Meat, and an oven with store of Pyes in it, and a Dinner Board covered with all manner of good Fowle and some Tarts, Pans with Tarts in them after the French fashion; after which being conducted to another room, they were showed a Dozen or sixteen dishes of Sweetmeats, all which was but the ordinary allowance for my Table. The Spaniards returning now to Gondomar, told him what Good Chere they found, notwithstanding which I told Gondomar again that I desired to be excused if I thought this Dinner unworthy of him, and that when occasion was I should entertain him after a much better manner.

This astute manner of convincing the Spaniard how completely the Englishman saw through his device had an excellent effect, and proved to the envoy that here was a diplomatist worthy of his steel,—“a man fit for Employment,” as he puts it. “He thought that an Englishman had not known how to avoid handsomely a Trick put upon him under show of civility.” Our hero is not so successful in his *bons mots*, several of which he takes pains to report. But it is evident that the English honor was safe in his hands, and no slight of any kind likely to be passed over. One of the last of his social passages of arms was in reference to a sermon delivered by the king’s confessor, Père Seguerand, while the war “against those of the Religion” was still going on, in which the priest maintained that forgiveness of our enemies did not imply forgiveness of heretics, who were the enemies of God. Upon this our ambassador, in hot indignation, went to the queen, pointing out to her that to permit such discourses to be held of “the Religion,” on the eve of concluding a treaty of marriage with England, “I could not but think very unreasonable,” with a desire that “such doctrines henceforth might be silenced.” The answer of the priest, when informed of this, was significant, all the more in the light of that approaching marriage,—“he wisht me to be assured that wheresoever I was in the world he would hinder my Fortune.” What he did afterwards in fulfilment of this threat, Herbert professes he did not know; “but sure am I that had I been ambitious of worldly greatness, I might have often remembered his words; tho’ as I ever loved my book and a private life more than any

busy Preferments, I did frustrate and render vain his greatest power to harm me."

Notwithstanding this disclaimer, there is little in Lord Herbert's life (he had by this time attained at last the Irish peerage, which preceded his elevation to that rank in England) to lead us to suppose that he was so unambitious as he says — but he was a man of many sides, as other records prove. Nothing can be more curious than the thought that a man so thoroughly involved in all the most stirring traffic of his time, with his hand ever ready at his sword-hilt, and his spirit up at every note of adventure, should be all the time composing in his hours of privacy a philosophical treatise upon the profoundest subjects, and in the language of the learned. A brilliant lay of romance, a troubadour's song, would have been much more like the image of himself, which he sets before us — which is that, as the reader has seen, of a knight of romance, faithful to the most fantastic letter of his vows, ready to snatch at any opportunity of distinction, and feeling that "the danger's self were lure alone" to any adventure. How he contrived — as he sheathed, with his fine bow, the sword which he had drawn for pure love of fighting, and in no national quarrel, and put on the gold lace and splendors of an ambassador at the gayest court in Christendom — to occupy his thoughts and his time with such abstract study, it is very difficult to conceive. And save a passing reference to "my Book," we hear nothing of any literary purpose until he has reached the last page of his delightful tale, when he takes the reader into his confidence suddenly, though it is to tell him of a marvellous incident connected with the book, rather than anything about its character or composition. Perhaps he felt with the philosophy that is taught by years, that his "posterity," fine gentlemen and patricians as he intended them to be, were likely to care far less about this achievement than about the duels and the noble figure their ancestor had made in the world. "My book, 'De Veritate, prout distinguitur a Revelatione, a Verisimili, a Possibili, et a Falso,'" he says, "having been begun by me in England, and formed there in all its parts, was about this time (the end of his second embassy) finished: all the spare hours which I could get from my Visits and negotiations being employed to perfect this work." Thus in all the affrays about Whitehall, and amid the favors, "more

than I desired," which he had at court, he was pondering how to discover abstract truth, and attempting to work out the strange, often-discussed, never-solved problem as to the provability of authentic communications from the unseen. Strangest background to that life of pleasure and adventure! The broken sword with which he met Sir John Ayres and his band is the most wonderful companion to the pen with which he traced all these processes of serious thought. The work itself is of too profound a character to be treated here. Hallam, in his analysis of it in the "History of Literature," avows that he finds it "very difficult to follow Lord Herbert." The only impression it has left on the general intelligence — dim reflex of what the better-instructed have said of it — refers to his views upon revelation, which he seems to have considered unnecessary, — the innate principles of natural religion being enough, in his opinion, for human guidance. "If any one has a revelation from heaven in addition to these" (we quote from Mr. Hallam) "which may happen to him, sleeping or waking, he should keep it to himself, since nothing can be of importance to the human race which is not established by the evidence of their common faculties." On this ground he has been ranked among deistical philosophers, a title which to the common mind implies not much less irreligiousness than the entirely different epithet of atheist. But there are two ways of holding such an opinion — that which scoffs at revelation altogether, and that which regards it as always a possible and likely, if not general, mode of spiritual instruction. That this was Lord Herbert's belief is evident from the following wonderful narrative. He had sent his book to Grotius and certain other philosophers for their judgment, and had been urged by them to publish it, but still hesitated. For "as the form of my whole book was so different from anything which had been written heretofore, I found I must either renounce the authority of all that had written previously concerning the method of finding out Truth, and consequently insist upon my own way, or hazard myself to a general censure concerning the whole argument of my book." To solve his scruples, he had recourse to the following sublime and primitive expedient: —

Being thus doubtfull in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being opened towards the south, the sun shining clear and no wind stirring, I took my book

"De Veritate" in my hand, and kneeling on my knees devoutly, said these words:—

"O Thou Eternal Author of the Light that now shines upon me, and Giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech Thee of Thy infinite Goodness to pardon a greater Request than a Sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I should publish this Book, 'De Veritate.' If it be for Thy Glory, I beseech Thee give me some sign from Heaven; if not, I shall suppress it."

I had no sooner spoken these words but a loud though yet gentle noise came from the Heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my Petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my Book. This (how strange soever it may seem) I protest before the Eternal God is true, neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky that ever I saw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking see the place from whence it came.

Imagine all antique Paris in gay and brilliant ripple of life, — cavaliers all curled and plumed and ribboned, fair ladies moving stately in velvet and pearls, great gilded coaches lumbering along with many lackeys, running footmen to clear the way, — and through the great open casement in the noble Faubourg over some still, old-fashioned garden the heavenly response, loud yet gentle, sounding from that "serenest sky"!

With this most wonderful scene, which glows upon the page like an old clear picture of the early Italian prime, Lord Herbert's account of himself comes to a sudden end. He had his book printed in Paris "at my own cost and charges, without suffering it to be divulged to others than to such as I thought might be worthy Readers of it," which, according to our prosaic phraseology, would mean that it was not published, but printed for private circulation. But by-and-by it was in the hands of all the first scholars of Europe, and was sought after from "the furthest parts of Christendom," with a promise of "anything I should desire by way of return." "But hereof more amply in its place," the author adds, with an intention of continuing which he never carried out, for what reasons we are not informed.

He lived until the eve of the disastrous conclusion of Charles's struggle with his Parliament, taking first — a course which was somewhat strange in such a man — the side of the people. It would have been curious to know his opinion, Cavalier to his finger-points as he was, and to un-

derstand what led him to rank himself on the side opposite to that which he belonged to by nature. His book, however, breaks off abruptly with what may perhaps be reckoned the first step in that conflict — the betrothal of Charles to Henrietta Maria. It is open to conjecture that the bold priest who threatened Herbert that whosoever he was in the world he would hinder his fortune, may have procured him disfavor with the new queen, and so influenced his after opinion: but this is mere supposition. He wrote several other works, both philosophical and historical: he was, as we have said, the first of English autobiographers, and he has left us a picture, quite unsurpassable, of the cavalier and magnanimous, graceful noble of his time. It is curious that he should have left out all that would have complicated this ideal, and made it perhaps less perfect as a picture, but more interesting as a study of human character. Perhaps he intended "more amply in its place" to record the development of mind which makes to us the name of Lord Herbert of Cherbury so distinct from every other Cavalier of his period; or perhaps, as we have suggested, this finest of chivalrous gentlemen had philosophy enough to feel that the outside of him and all his courtly ways — his victorious fighting and favor with princes, and fine clothes and magnificent living, would be more delightful to his posterity than anything about books. In any case this is how we have him. The portrait which Horace Walpole prefixed to the autobiography, shows us a countenance full of poetry and passion but little represented in the stirring and animated narrative; and to give the reader at least a glimpse of this other side of Lord Herbert's character, we take from Mr. Ward's admirable collection of English poets* (in which the "critical introduction" of each author forms a novel and most instructive and interesting addition) a portion of a poem which expresses a very high and noble philosophy in the language of love — an unfamiliar but lofty harmony. Here are two lovers in a spring landscape, turning their eyes to heaven, "as if no glass but that could represent so great and pure a love:—" —

When with a sweet though troubled look

She first broke silence, saying, "Dear friend,

O that our love might take no end,

Or never had beginning took!"

* The English Poets: Selections, with Critical Introductions by Various Writers. Edited by T. H. Ward. Macmillan: 1880.

To which the lover replies with a tender gravity in which, as well as in the measure, there is a noble sort of kindred with much of Mr. Tennyson's finest verse, though dashed with a few of the metaphysical conceits which were of the elder poet's age:—

"Oh no, Belov'd; I am most sure
These virtuous habits we acquire,
As being with the soul entire,
Must with it evermore endure.

"Else should our souls in vain elect,
And vainer yet were Nature's laws,
When to an everlasting cause
They give a perishing effect.

"Not here on earth, then, nor above,
Our good affections can impair;
For where God doth admit the fair,
Think you that he excludeth Love!

"These eyes again thine eyes shall see,
These hands again thine hand enfold,
And all chaste blessings ever told
Shall with us everlasting be.

"For if no use of sense remain,
When bodies once this life forsake;
Or they could no delight partake,
Why should they ever rise again?

"And if even my imperfect mind
Make love the end of knowledge here,
How perfect will our love be where
All imperfection is refin'd!

"Let then, no doubt, Celinda, touch,
Much less your fairest mind invade:
Were not our souls immortal made,
Our equal loves can make them such.

"So when from hence we shall be gone,
And be no more nor you nor I—
As one another's mystery,
Each shall be both, yet both but one."

Might not this soft breath of lovely thought have floated out of Herbert's "serenest sky" into the very heart of the "In Memoriam," that greatest song of love and death—the quintessence of mourning and faithfulness and hope?

DON JOHN.

A LONDON STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AMONG the minor surprises of his life, none had ever struck Leslie so much as the behavior and air of young Donald Johnstone.

He had gathered a good deal of information as to Don John's voice, his manners, his laugh: he appeared, and scattered it all; the picture was not like, in any respect. There was something almost pathetic in the gentleness, the serious and silent abstraction in which he sat, and, remote in thought from everything about him, cogitated with folded arms.

His light eyelashes concealed in part rather expressive blue eyes; he was pale with that almost chalky hue of a fair skin not naturally pale. He only spoke when spoken to—and Leslie did not speak. The girls, evidently surprised, asked if Lancy was worse.

No, it appeared that Lancy was almost well again.

"Nothing is the matter, then?"

"The matter! with whom?"

"Why, with you. Did you come up by the boat, Don John?"

"Yes."

"Ah, then you were sea-sick! You always are! It is such a mistake to think that to be often on the sea at intervals, just for a few hours, will cure you."

Oh, what a sigh for answer!

"I wish you wouldn't do it, dear," said Naomi, leaning over the end of the sofa on which he sat, and touching his light hair lovingly; "it has made you look so pale."

"I've got a headache," was his reply; and then, all in a moment, there was a step heard, and the tall, graceful mother came in the door. Don John roused himself, he almost seemed to shake himself, and rose up and met her, and kissed her, and seemed quite cheerful.

"My dear!" she exclaimed, "how pale you are!"

"Yes, mother!" cried Naomi; "and he's been on that steamer again."

"A fellow looks such a muff," said Don John, "if he is seasick. I wish to cure myself."

Leslie looked up, and met Don John's eyes; he knew as well as possible that there was something more than seasickness the matter.

"When he got up from the sofa," exclaimed Mary, "he staggered; he is quite giddy."

"There!" said Don John impatiently; "no more! It's more muffish to talk of it than to have it."

"Yes," said the placid mother soothingly; "I'll ring for some strong tea, and when you have had it you will be quite well."

"Shall I?" he answered; and then he seemed to make a supreme effort again, and this time with better result.

It appeared to be almost by his own will and resolution that he cast over the matter that had held him down, and that the natural hues of life came back to his face. The tea came in, perhaps it helped him; he ate and drank, and seemed to feel a certain comfort in his mother's observance, so that when in the course of time Donald Johnstone himself entered, all that was remarkable in the young Donald's appearance and manner had passed away. He was still pale, that was all. Could it be, Leslie thought, that all this pathetic air and abstracted expression had come from a mere fit of seasickness? He almost despised young Donald when the thought suggested itself. But the night undeceived him.

There is something so pathetic in the anguish of the young.

Leslie had a feeling heart, and when, lying awake in the dead of the night, when the healthy and the strong should have been asleep, he heard a sound of sobbing in the next room to his, he could have wept too.

This was his heir — bemoaning himself in the night on his pillow, when he did not know that any one could hear. But the heads of the two beds were close together, one on either side of the wall.

What could it be? He was not yet twenty-two years old; could he be breaking his heart already for some woman's love? Or had he committed some grave faults, and was he craving forgiveness of his Maker? or was he sick — was he in pain?

The sobbing went on so long that Leslie almost thought he must rise and enter the young fellow's room. But no, he controlled himself; he feared to do more harm than good; and at last, but not till day had dawned, there was a welcome silence. Don John was asleep; and Leslie, who had offered up many a prayer for him, fell asleep too.

Leslie did not hear that midnight mourning only once; but for several nights there were no articulate sounds with it. Don John, though in the morning he appeared grave and dull, and though he looked pale, went every morning to London with his father, and had the air of striving to behave as usual, so that Leslie felt that to speak to him or to his parents would be to make matters worse — it would be a breach of confidence. But once before dawn, waking at a well-known sound, he

heard words as well as sighs: "Oh, father! Oh, mother!" He started up; these were about the last words he should have expected to hear; he could not risk being obliged to hear more.

The heir, for whom he had already begun to feel some affection, must surely be mourning over some fault which he knew would distress his parents when they found it out. Was it not possible that he could help him? He rose, and lighting a candle, began to move about in the room without making any attempt at special quietness.

There was absolute silence. In a minute or two a tall figure in a quilted dressing-gown appeared at Don John's door, shut it behind him, and came in.

He set down his candle, drew a chair, and seated himself.

"I must have disturbed you," said Don John, deeply vexed and disgusted with himself, and perhaps with Captain Leslie too.

Leslie answered "Yes;" and when Don John made no answer, he presently went on: "And if I feel a very deep and keen sympathy with your sorrow, whatever it may be, there are reasons for that, dear fellow, which probably you never knew."

Surprise had for the moment mastered emotion. Don John raised himself on his elbow, heaved up another great sobbing sigh, and stared at him.

"Are you aware that I have loved your mother all my life," he went on, while Don John was considering that it was no use to say anything, he must let him alone — "all my youth — and I never had the least chance with her? A hopeless attachment, and to such a woman, is very hard discipline for a man. I say it that you may feel sure of my sympathy; but I have had faults to deplore as well. Sin has full often been standing at the door. If that is your case, feel sure of my deep sympathy there also. And now tell me — you, the much-loved son of my first and only love — if there is anything in the world that I can do for you, do you think I should be thankful to do it?"

"Yes," said Don John, quite simply, "I think you would;" and he laid himself down again, and made no attempt to say more.

"You have got into some scrape; you have, perhaps, done something that you deeply regret, and —"

"No," interrupted Don John, "I haven't."

A little thrown back by this, Leslie paused, and after a short silence the youth

went on, "But I feel that what you have said is extremely kind: and perhaps now I may be able to sleep. I have not slept well the last few nights." A hint surely to Leslie to go — but he stayed.

"Are you so sure then that there is nothing at all I can do — with my advice, my assistance, my property?"

"I am sure."

"There remain only my prayers."

"And they cannot help me to anything but patience."

"My dear fellow —"

"But I am as glad you came in as I am sorry for having disturbed you, because I am sure you will promise me not to mention this to any one — any one at all."

"Not even to your parents."

"That was what I meant."

"But if I promise you this, you will owe a certain duty to me in return."

"What duty?"

"If a time should ever come when I can help you, I shall have a right to expect that you will claim my help, to any extent and in any way."

"Thank you."

"And I must not ask what this sorrow is?"

"I cannot tell you."

Leslie thought of Charlotte. She had treated him with composed indifference, but he had appeared to the full as indifferent to her. He could but speak carefully.

"I hardly like to give this matter up," he said. "When I first loved your mother I was scarcely older than you are now. If there had been no other bar to my hopes, it would have been enough that I was poor. Now, if you feel any likeness in my case to yours, and if the young lady's father — I mean, if two or three thousand pounds —"

"In love with a girl!" exclaimed Don John with a short laugh, whose bitterness and scorn it would be impossible to describe, for he was contrasting an imaginary sorrow with a real one. "Fall in love with a girl, and cry about her in the night! I am not such a muff."

"What!" exclaimed Leslie, rather shocked.

"I am not come to that yet," continued Don John with unutterable self-contempt; "but perhaps I shall" — and the suddenly arrested storm asserted itself with another great heaving of the chest. Then he begged Leslie's pardon, for he saw that he was hurt. "That's not my line," he said. "But what you say, or seem to say, perfectly astonishes me. You are very

good; I have no claim on you in the world — and — I am sorry I disturbed you."

"I think you mean that you are sorry I have become aware of this."

Don John made no answer; Leslie turned towards his candle; the gray light was beginning to wax, and it was burning dim.

"I must go, then," and he held out his hand. But the next day, when his heir came down, he deeply regretted that he had promised silence. Don John was not able to go to town; he had low fever hanging about him, and his already wasted hands looked whiter than before.

The day after that a medical man was sent for. Don John could get up, but he complained of his head; and in another day it became manifest that both his father and mother were alarmed about him.

Leslie's visit had nearly come to an end — he felt that he must go; but it was bitter to him. He longed to talked to his heir, and offer him the best consolation that he could; and Don John was aware of this.

In his shrewd but somewhat youthful fashion, he perceived the real affection that Leslie felt for him. He thought it would be very unfair if he did not have his innings before he went. Expressing himself in these words to Leslie, on an occasion when he was feeling slightly better, and not being understood, he explained — "I meant that I thought you would like to pray with me; father does sometimes. I should not mind it at all — in fact, I think, I should like it."

"Out of kindness to me, dear fellow?" asked Leslie; but of course he took the opportunity offered. There could hardly have been anything appropriate to the peculiar circumstances of the patient in that prayer, and yet he derived from it his first conscious desire to submit — his first perception that if he could submit he could get well. He knew that he had rebelled hitherto, and thus when the thinking fit over this misfortune came on, rebellion was at the root of its keenest sting.

He had merely meant to be kind, and he had his reward.

He was very ill, and both father and mother lavished observant tenderness on him. Sometimes he could get up, come down stairs, and talk almost as usual. Then all on a sudden something which had been held at bay appeared to get hold on him, and low fever devoured his strength.

One day he could hardly lift his head from his pillow, but he was yet not quite in such evil case as before, for there was that in the manner of both parents which made Leslie sure that they knew now what had prostrated him.

It was very hot weather, his door was set wide open, and the family came in and out, not aware, and not informed, that there was any anxiety felt about him.

And there was little in the placid mother's manner to show that she felt any. She was generally with him. It was not so much tendance as consolation that she seemed to be giving him; not in words. And his father, too, he spoke bravely and cheerfully; yet the patient lost strength and flesh daily.

"As one whom his mother comforteth," thought Leslie, when he saw his lifelong love watching by his heir.

Who could fail to be consoled? Yet Don John did not appear to derive direct comfort from their manner, only from their presence; he could not bear to be left without either one or the other of his parents.

And yet it was he himself who had first consoled; and he went away, and endured a very anxious fortnight, till the girls, who had promised to write frequently, could at last say that Don John was better.

With what gratitude he heard this! He was going up shortly to Scotland, and could not help proposing to stop on his way, and pay a call of one hour on the Johnstones.

There was the beautiful Estelle, and there were her tall daughters, and her invalid; he was lying on the sofa, undergoing a course of indulgence and waiting on, from all parties. His hands were thin, and as white as a girl's, his cheeks were thin, and his eyes were sunken; but the struggle was over between youth and death, and youth had won.

And yet it was not the same Don John. Leslie was just as sure of this as the others were.

His mother put down the book she had been reading to him, and looked at him with anxious love. "He must go out soon for a change," she said, "and then I hope he will be well."

"I don't want to go away, mother," said the young invalid; "but if I must go anywhere, perhaps Captain Leslie would have me."

The beautiful mother actually blushed; the way in which all her children took to Captain Leslie was almost embarrassing

to her. She could not see any charm in him herself; but that was an old story.

Leslie was highly flattered.

She was about to say, "I really must apologize for my boy;" but when she saw Leslie's pleasure she had not the heart to do it. He looked as if he would have liked to hug Don John.

"Captain Leslie ought to have me too," said Mary; "I've done fourteen errands for him this very day, finding books for him, and fetching his eau-de-Cologne, and handing him his beef tea, and all sorts of things."

Mrs. Johnstone did not speak, but she looked quietly at Leslie. The look was not an apology to him for not having given him her love, but it expressed an affection she had never shown him before, and she said, "If you can have Don John" ("and me too," interrupted Mary), "my husband and I could trust you with him with more comfort than I can say."

"And me too," insisted Mary.

"Don John, and you too," answered Leslie. His mahogany-colored face could not change its hue, but short of that it expressed all the pleasure possible.

"Invited themselves, did they?" exclaimed Donald Johnstone, when he was told of this by his wife. "My children invited themselves into this man's house, who has of all men least reason to like their father! How did he stand it? and how did you get him out of the scrape, my star?"

"He was delighted; so I let them alone."

"Let them alone! But it will be a great inconvenience to him; very likely he will have to get in more furniture and other servants. I believe he has a mere shooting-box."

"Yes, I felt all that, and was very much out of countenance."

"And doubtless he perceived it. I don't see how you could have done less than blush, my dear. You are actually repeating the performance, and very becoming it is."

"Perhaps he wishes that old attachment to be forgotten—perhaps he feels only friendship, now that he has seen me again."

"Perhaps!"

"Well, we must make the best of this now. They proposed the visit with the greatest composure, and he accepted with acclamation."

So in a couple of weeks Don John and Mary were in Scotland, in a moderately convenient house, wedged into one corner

of a triangular valley. Its one carriage road led down beside a prattling stream to the sea. Mary was intensely happy, and Don John was convalescent. The sensation of returning health and strength is in itself delightful, and the refreshment of clear skies, long sunsets, scented air, and mountain solitude, all helped to console and calm.

Don John gained strength daily, but Leslie did not observe any return of the joyous spirits for which he had hitherto been conspicuous in his little world. He never ventured to ask what the sorrow was, but he perceived that its cause was not removed; and sometimes there would come over the pleasant but somewhat commonplace countenance an expression which removed it into another world of feeling and experience. An ardent yearning would come over it, the outcome it seemed of some impassioned regret, which made it look more noble, if less young.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"FATHER is ill," cried Mary, running down one afternoon to the shore of the long loch beside which Don John was sitting, watching the little wild ducks as they crept into the shelter of the reeds; "not very ill, but rather ill. Captain Leslie has got a letter from mamma. He is better, and we are not to be at all disturbed, and not to think of coming home."

Father ill! Such a thing had never taken place for one day in the memory of the oldest of his children.

Leslie followed closely on Mary's message. Don John read the letter, and neither he nor his sister were so uneasy as might have been expected.

He looked at them. "They have this composure from their parents," he thought. "It was one of Estelle's great charms that she never was in the least nervous, never apprehensive."

The nearest telegraph station was fifteen miles off, and did not open till eight o'clock in the morning. Leslie had waited behind to make arrangements for having a servant there, to send a message off at the earliest moment for the latest news.

The sick man's children slept in peace. As soon as possible the next morning, an answer came from Naomi to Don John. "Father is not worse. You need not be uneasy; but mother wishes you both to come home."

Don John had been prepared for this, for his packing was found to be ready. All little Mary's effects by his decree

were to be left behind, excepting what could be put into a hand-bag. Thus they were all ready as soon as the horses could be put to.

"But why are you in such a hurry?" asked Mary. "Mother says we are not to be uneasy."

Leslie listened for the answer.

"And therefore I am not uneasy about father's illness; but he is sure to want me, and I want to go and help."

"I am glad to see that you have your mother's delightful temperament. Why indeed should you be uneasy? why anticipate disaster?" said Leslie.

Don John's eyes dilated with a startled and gratified expression. "My mother's temperament," he began, almost vehemently, and then checked himself.

"Yes, you often remind me of her, both of you."

Though Leslie was driving, and the horses were rather fresh, he could not help noticing that he had produced a great effect by this speech, and that it was a pleasurable one. That his own feelings should be of the most romantic cast towards Estelle, seemed to him the most natural thing in the world; but that her son should share any such feeling was, he well knew, a very uncommon circumstance. But then she was not an ordinary mother; so he presently told himself. Why then should hers be an ordinary son?

Don John lost himself in cogitation. This remark of Leslie's appeared to be such a spontaneous testimony to his sonship. Very slight, but the more sweet.

Undoubtedly his handwriting was extremely like his father's, but he had tormented himself with the thought that this might be because he liked it, had admired and copied it, as remarkably firm, clear, and round. It expressed the qualities he wished to have.

And then his manner, and the carriage of his head: he walked just as his father did. The remembrance of this consoled him just at first, but his sick fancy turned that into poison also: "I constantly walk with father," he thought; "and when I was a little fellow I liked to go as if I was marching, because he did."

Leslie parted from Don John and his sister with much affection. Neither the son nor the daughter anticipated evil; but Don John sent a telegram on to mention at what time he hoped to reach King's Cross, and requesting that one might meet him there with the latest news.

He found all as he had expected.

His father had been ill, but was better — still in bed, and not allowed to get up.

"And you are not to ask him how his illness began," said the mother.

"But how did it begin, then?"

"That is what we do not know, my dear. We thought he had had a fall. Dumplay came home quietly, and your father not riding him."

"But that fat, old, peaceable creature could not have thrown him. Impossible, mother."

"So I think. Mr. Viser found him sitting up leaning against the gate of the long field, and brought him home just after Dumplay came into the stable-yard. He was a little cut about the face, seemed ill, and that first day gave no account of the matter. We were told he was not to be questioned at all, or teased about it. The next day he roused himself, and said, when he saw Dr. Fielding, 'Now am I better?' 'Better than I could possibly have hoped,' Dr. Fielding answered, 'wonderfully better;' and then, to my distress, your dear father went on: 'I cannot think how this came to pass.' But we are assured that there is no danger. That evening he said he remembered dismounting and opening the gate; he remembered seeing Dumplay walk through it, but nothing more. If he fainted and fell, he must have hurt his head and cut his face in the fall." Then she put her two hands on Don John's shoulders as he stood gravely listening, and said, "My much-loved son, what a comfort it will be that you will be with him, able to help him, and knowing all about his affairs. It consoles me to see you looking well again."

The new expression came into Don John's face then; and after that again, when sitting by his father he found that he could calm and satisfy him, and that his mere presence was doing good.

He went up to London the next day about such of his father's affairs as he could attend to, and walked home from the station through the long field. Several people out of "the houses" waylaid him to ask after his father; perhaps that was the reason why he did not notice, till he almost reached the shrubbery gate, that Charlotte was standing there waiting for him.

Charlotte. He perfectly knew Charlotte's face, and yet it was true that he had never looked at her with any particular attention before. It was a light green gate that she was leaning on, just of the proper height to support her elbows.

She was dressed in white, and had no color about her dress at all; on her head was rather a wide white hat, limp, and only suited for a garden. Her whole dress, in short, was dazzlingly white and clean. Her small face seen under the hat was in shade; a pure pale carnation suffused her cheeks, and the lips were of the hue of dark damask roses. The same Charlotte! and yet the beautiful Irish eyes seemed almost new to him.

Don John stopped.

"I thought I would come to meet you," said Charlotte, not moving from her place on the other side of the gate. "My uncle is so much better; he is up, and sitting in the playroom."

This was certainly Charlotte, and yet he looked at her with wonder.

"Well?" she asked with a little smile, and added, "I knew you were uneasy, you always look so grave; so I thought I would come and tell you that Dr. Fielding says he is more than satisfied."

"It was kind of you, it was good of you," said Don John. "What a beautiful gown you have on, Charlotte!"

"This old thing," said Charlotte, lifting her arms, and letting him open the gate; "why, I have had it for a year!"

"Oh," answered Don John; and how long he would have stood gazing at her it is impossible to say, if she had not turned and moved on, saying, as she preceded him in the narrow path, "No doubt you will want to see my uncle first; but after that I want to consult you about something."

Charlotte and Don John generally were consulting together about something or other; he was always expected to criticise her essays and tales, and did not regard this as by any means a privilege, but as he often thought, "she is not likely to marry, and therefore she ought to have something else to give a meaning to her life." On this occasion he did think of the coming consultation as a privilege, and ardently hoped that Naomi would not be present. His past thoughts were full of images of Charlotte, and for a moment he was not aware that he was looking at them with different eyes.

His father was so much better, that but for the cuts about his face it would have been difficult to be uneasy about him. These, however, reminded them how sudden the seizure had been, and made them long to know whether it was ever likely to recur. Don John had tried to discuss this in the morning; but when he found that he was put off with remarks

about symptoms that he knew could be of no consequence, he said no more, but he looked so much alarmed that the friendly doctor said, "I have told you that there is no danger—for the present. But if I allowed you to get anything out of me, your father would very soon get it out of you, and that would be bad for him. When he asks questions, you know nothing."

"Excepting that there is something to know," thought Don John.

Marjorie was away, staying with her grandmother, as was often the case now. Dr. Fielding went on: "I would not let your sister be sent for, but I wanted you; your presence will be of the greatest use, and may be of the utmost consequence."

Don John took easily to responsibility, guessed that his father was not to be left alone, and found a great solace in the consideration that he had so arranged his life as to have his son almost always at his side.

The dinner that evening was a very pleasant meal. The head of the family was so manifestly better that no one could be uneasy about him. A nurse was in the house, and she sat with him.

Little Mary was allowed to dine late, and was full of talk about Scotland. Don John was in better spirits than he had been since before his illness, and sitting in his father's place surveyed the family.

His mother looked tired, but peaceful and thankful. Mary and Naomi had on white muslin and blue ribbons—pink does not look well with reddish hair; but Charlotte had on pink ribbons. How much prettier pink is than blue! Her almost black hair, not glossy—how soft and thick it looked! A twisted rope of pearls was embedded in it. Her mother had just sent it to her, and at the same time some silver ornaments to Naomi. Don John did not know that, but he could not help looking at Charlotte, and she and Naomi kept glancing at one another.

"Don't they look sweet, both of them?" exclaimed the admiring little sister; and then Don John was told that the girls had put on their best to do honor to these ornaments, which had just arrived; and before he had reflected that he should have included Naomi in his remark, he had burst forth with "Well, I thought I had never seen Charlotte look like that before—look so well, I mean."

It was the end of September, remarkably hot for the time of year, and though they were dining by candle light, all the windows were open.

"Girls always look better when they have their best things on," said Mary. Don John glanced at both the girls; Naomi looked just as usual, Charlotte's appearance was really indescribable.

"You never say anything civil, excepting to mother," said Naomi to her brother. "Now there was an opening for you to have said that we look well in everything."

"Only he doesn't think so," observed Charlotte.

"No; he often says, 'What a guy you look when you have a crumpled frock on!'" and, "How horrid it is of you to ink your fingers!" observed Mary.

"Yes," said Charlotte, with sweet indifference; "but I'm not half so untidy as I used to be."

Don John would have liked to make fervent apologies for his past rudeness; he would have liked to put Naomi's hint into impassioned language, but he had just sense enough to hold his tongue; and he thought his mother's encomium very inadequate when she said, "Yes, I am pleased to see a great improvement in you, my dear; you almost always look nice and neat now."

Charlotte's cheeks blushed and bloomed; a deep dimple came. Her smile was naturally slight, but it always lifted the upper lip in a strangely beautiful way, and then the teeth showed. One never saw them but then.

Nice and neat! Go out at dawn and apply those words to a dewy, half-opened damask rose. Charlotte for her part found this praise very much to her mind, and both the girls continued to remark on one another's ornaments in a way that enabled Don John, with wholly new shyness, to glance at them. He tried to make his glances impartial, but the silver chain was only an ornament round his sister's neck. The pearls twisted in Charlotte's hair appeared to be almost a part of herself, he felt that if he might touch them they were close enough to her to be warm.

When he opened the door for them all to go out, that vision of beauty was last, and she whispered to him. "In the orchard, Don John; you won't forget?"

No, he was sure he should not forget.

He argued with himself for some minutes as to the length of time he was accustomed to sit at table.

He reminded himself that when the evenings were light he generally rose when his mother did, and strode straight into the garden. It was rather dark now,

but hot, and the air was still. He could hear the girls' voices, they were all out of doors. He could not wait any longer; he ran up-stairs to wish his father good-night, and then came down to give a cheerful message to his mother, who was alone in the drawing-room. After that he too stepped forth into the dark. Naomi and Mary were together; Charlotte was walking on just before them, and held a lighted candle, which she was protecting with her hand. There was no stir in the air to make it flicker. Naomi was very fond of Charlotte; when Don John teased her, she always took her part.

"Another 'thing' of Charlotte's has been declined," said Naomi — and added in a persuasive tone, "you've never written one word about the minutes since you went away; and I think Charlotte would like to discuss some letters she has got; you'll ask her to read them to you?"

"Yes," answered Don John; "what letters are they?"

"Oh, from some of her editors, no doubt; no one else writes to her. I have advised and criticised as well as I could while you were away, and now you must; but we needn't all be there, need we?"

"No," said Don John with an air of impartial fairness. It was a piece of hypocrisy, which for the moment he really could not help. So Naomi, as he stood still, gave him the gentlest little push towards Charlotte, who had now got on a good way before them, and with her arm over her little sister's shoulder, turned her down another path, saying, "Well now, Mary, tell me some more about the gillies."

Don John, like a moth, went after the candle.

He got into a long walk, sheltered on one side by the shrubbery, and at the end of it, in a small arbor where was a little rustic table, sat Charlotte, her candle burning before her. She seemed to be poring over some letters, but as Don John drew near she folded and put them into her pocket, and sat perfectly lost in thought, till, standing in the door of the arbor, he spoke to her.

Then, to his great astonishment, she put her hand in her pocket again, drew out, not the letters, but her handkerchief, and leaning her elbows on the table, covered her face and began to cry.

"Why, Charlotte," exclaimed Don John, "what can be the matter, dear?"

When Charlotte got into a worse scrape than usual, he generally said "dear" to her, so did she to him on grave occasions

— she had often done so when he was ill. What a valuable habit this seemed now!

"I told you I wanted to consult you," said Charlotte, trying to recover herself — her lovely color had fled, her hands trembled a little, and her long eyelashes were wet — "but I don't know how to begin," she sighed, almost piteously.

"I'll begin then," said Don John. "If that editor has declined your last thing, he is a humbug; it is the best you ever wrote."

"But he hasn't," said Charlotte.

"Oh, it's not that!"

"No, but it's everything else — it's all, excepting that."

"It's not the curate," exclaimed Don John with sudden alarm. "Surely he has not turned round again to you?"

"Oh, no — of course not;" then the color came back to Charlotte's face. Don John sat down on the other chair, and Charlotte said, "If you were in my place — I mean if, instead of being the son of the house, you were (as I am) only here because my uncle and aunt are the kindest people in the world, you would understand —"

She fell silent here — he had become rather pale. "I should understand?" he repeated.

"That I cannot bear, having never had the least chance of even showing that I am aware of their goodness — I cannot bear to put away from me a possible means of returning it, even at the risk of perhaps making myself unhappy." Then she leaned her elbow on the table again, and said with pathetic simplicity, —

"I could easily make myself love him, if I chose."

Don John made a movement of surprise and alarm, but she was thinking of far more important matters than his feelings, and went on, "But he is not good — I know he is not good — and I don't believe he really cares for me."

"Then, for heaven's sake, Charlotte — for all our sakes — don't 'make yourself love him.' Why, what does the fellow mean, that he should dare to ask it? Whom can you be talking of? who has presumed —"

She was thinking too intently to notice his agitation. "You always said, you know," she presently went on, "that I should not have lovers — and it's quite true; but there might be some one whose interest it is to marry me, particularly now. When Christmas comes this year I shall have a hundred pounds from those

two editors. I am ashamed to think meanly of him, but I know — I am almost sure, he does not love me."

"Then he is even more a fool than a knave!" Don John burst out; "and you will not be so cruel to us all; you will not so make us sure that your welcome has not been warm enough here —"

"Gently, gently!" interrupted Charlotte; "but I do like to hear you burst forth in this way beforehand. When I tell you his name do not forget what you have said, for you are the only person whose opinion I have truly feared in this matter — you love him so."

Don John almost groaned; he thought he knew then what she meant. "Who is it?" he inquired.

And she whispered, "Lancy!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DON JOHN looked forth to right and to left, as if casting about in the dark garden and shaded sky for somewhat to comfort or to counsel him.

Some of the stars were out. It never comforts any human soul to contemplate them; they are so changeless. And there was a crescent moon, sharp as a sickle, and too young to give any light. The old moon had waned while he was in Scotland; sometimes he had found in this familiar show a new significance. So, his happiness had waned away — his careless joy! He was a man now, and must abide what manhood and sorrow might bring him.

And this new moon! almost as young as this fast-waxing love. Oh, what should he do! They would both grow.

His eyes had only just been opened to see what Charlotte was, and what she might be to him, and now she was to tell him of a lover who, of all young men in the world, he would fain not try to supplant.

"For it is not *impossible*," he thought, with a sharp pang, "that I may already, without my own will or knowledge, have ousted him out of everything in the world that is worth having. Not *impossible*, though, as my father and mother both declare, the chances are a thousand to one against it. All that is *to me* worth having," he continued, in mental correction of his first thought. "But though I should never call her mine, it is not fit that poor Lancy should get her."

"That would indeed be sacrificing yourself," he said in a low voice.

"You think so," answered Charlotte, in a tone of relief.

"Because, as you have said, he is not good."

"I know he is not good," she answered, "but he said if I would take him it would make him good. He said he was no worse than other young men, excepting in that one matter, which he declares he most sincerely repents."

"What one matter, Charlotte?"

"Oh, the affair of — the ring."

"He did not, of course, lead you to think that he had never erred in that way but once?"

Charlotte looked up at Don John, as he stood leaning in the doorway, with an air of such amazement that he could not meet her eyes. He turned away. Charlotte should not be sacrificed in ignorance of this, he was determined; but he knew his heart would accuse him of baseness forever if he tried to set her against Lancy for any other cause. And then he struggled hard with himself. He knew Lancy was on the road to ruin; that he was not in the least worthy of a lovely, pure, and high-minded girl. He could have told Charlotte things of more than one nature, which would have been quite enough to set her against Lancy forever.

But she herself — was she not setting him an example? Why was she inclined to yield? Only because she longed to return the goodness she had experienced from those who so manifestly loved him, and for some, to her, inscrutable reason had linked his lot to theirs.

Might not Lancy, in this one matter, prove himself good and true, if he could be made so by anything or any circumstance? But why must the experiment needs be tried with what was so precious?

The gulf when one leaps into it does not *always* close.

Don John knew well that this fancy for Charlotte, or rather that this plan to obtain her, must be a very sudden one on Lancy's part, and with a flash of thought he felt that if he had heard of it a week ago he should certainly have blamed him in no measured terms for daring to think of her. He would have left no stone unturned to make Charlotte give up the thought of such a sacrifice — why was he not to speak now?

All this took but a minute or two to think out. Then he turned again and looked Charlotte in the face.

"I thought he did not love me," she faltered, "because there was something so fitful and so sudden in the way that he poured forth his devoted speeches — yes,

they seemed devoted for the moment—and then appeared almost to forget me and them. I believe it was nothing but an unlucky blush of mine that put it into his head that I liked him—and—I was rather near it once."

Don John had suspected this, but he did not hear it without a jealous pang, and Charlotte went on.

"But I think however fond you may be of Lancy—and you always used to say that you loved him better than some of your own brothers and sisters—and though, to do him justice, I believe he returns your affection, yet if you know—not that he has actually stolen anything more than once—that I do not of course suppose—but I mean if you know him to be unprincipled——"

"But I do mean that; I do mean that he has erred in that one way more than once or twice."

The color flushed into Charlotte's face. "Do THEY know it?" she whispered with an awestruck air.

"Father and mother? Yes."

"They never could wish me to take him then; and yet, if he should go from bad to worse, and they should hear that I had refused him, they might feel what his mother wrote to me, that I was cruel, for he wanted only such an attachment to make him all that could be wished, and I, it seemed, did not believe in his deep and abiding repentance."

"She is a base woman," exclaimed Don John. "It always makes me shudder to think of her."

"Oh, you dislike her?"

"I cannot bear her; but I am not so wicked or so unkind as to say that he does not repent; or so false as to say that I do not see in a marriage with you his very best chance of a thorough reformation."

Charlotte looked pleased—she hardly knew herself what she wished. It was sweet to think herself beloved, but yet she was inexorable in pointing out things which had made her doubt it.

"Do you know I could not help thinking when I saw his mother's letter, that it was she who put it into his head—of course, if I was sure of his love I could not talk of him in this cold-hearted fashion."

The tone of inquiry, and almost of entreaty, was evident. "You have made it difficult, you know, for me to believe anything of that sort!"

Don John forced himself to say, "It was an unparalleled piece of imprudence

on my part to put such nonsense into your head!"

Charlotte looked up at him, her smile increasing till the dimple came. She was pleased. "The event justified you!" she said, "and your finding it out so early did you great credit. But do give your mind to this, and your opinion about it, for you are thinking of something else. I want you to understand how queer his declaration was; and it was mixed up with remarks about my uncle, who was severe to him, he said, and about how splendidly he was getting on—he should soon be quite independent of him."

"Lancy getting on!" exclaimed Don John; "Lancy independent! How can he be getting on? I never heard a word about it. It is all since I saw him."

"I am sure he said so, and also sure that he came to ask for his quarter's allowance. My aunt and I were both sitting with uncle, and when he saw Lancy, who came in gently, he seemed a good deal distressed."

"My dear father! What did he say?"

"He said, 'That's my prodigal son: it embitters my bread to know that he will some day bring himself to want bread.' He was a little confused after the blow on his head. Aunt Estelle took Lancy away, and then my uncle said to me, 'I hope you will never forsake him.' I said, 'No.' Well, afterwards Aunt Estelle came back, and sent me away, and Naomi and I cried together a little in the playroom. In the garden, after that, Lancy talked to me. Oh, I cannot be ungrateful! He came again the next day, and I laughed at him; and I cannot help laughing now. It seemed no more real to me than Fetch does! I do not know how it was, but I did not think he talked like a lover. I thought of you."

She laughed a little nervously.

"Thought of me," repeated Don John. Her words were rather ambiguous: they made his heart beat, Charlotte turned the pearl bracelet on her arm and blushed excessively.

"I am sure it was not the right thing," she said. "He asked me to marry him—to be engaged at once; but if my uncle has been very much displeased with him, as his mother's letter seems to hint, and if Lancy is almost afraid that he should give him up, how natural that he should wish to marry into the family, and so make such a thing almost impossible! Lancy cannot get it out of his head that I love him. He never had any tact any more than I have. First he urged me to

accept him on account of his love, then he as it were threatened me that if I declined it would be the worse for him. I don't think he was considering me much; and I formed this theory as to why he wanted me almost while he spoke."

Don John did not know what dangerous ground he was venturing on. Who could have supposed that he was not to agree with her? He said, —

"I think that shows you do not really care much about him. You have given the verdict yourself, why ask for one from me?"

"I do care," said Charlotte, looking dreamily at him, "and I must read you the letters." The candle was low in the socket. She began to sort them, but had hardly opened the first, when the leaping light covered her with its yellow, flickering radiance, and then sank and was out. "Some other time you shall hear them," she went on. "No, I have not decided; I could make myself marry him if I chose."

"And you might be miserable."

"Not if I saw that I was improving him, saving him, and so relieving Aunt Estelle and my uncle; only what you have just told me is such a sad surprise as almost to render that impossible which I had been trying to make up my mind to. But you speak with a kind of restraint — I am sure you do."

"I speak like a fellow who feels that he must and will repeat and justify all he has said to the person whom it most concerns. I must and shall tell Lancy what I have said against him. And I speak, remembering how Lancy and I were bound to one another all our childhood by a great affection, which I know he depends upon to this moment."

"And that makes you wish to be as moderate and fair as you possibly can."

"That, and other things."

"You will talk to him then?"

"Certainly."

"What shall you say?"

"Would it be fair to him that I should tell you?"

"I think it would be fair to *me*. You seem to forget *me*."

Silence here for a moment; then Charlotte put her little warm hand on Don John's sleeve, and added, "But perhaps you have no fixed thought in your mind as to what you shall say?"

"I knew before you spoke what I should first say."

He did not lay his hand upon hers; but when she withdrew it, and said, "Tell it me," he answered, —

"I shall first say that I am aware — at least, I know — that he does not love you."

"You will?" exclaimed Charlotte rather bitterly. "Oh yes, of course *you* would be sure to think that; and secondly, I suppose you will say that you know he is not reformed."

"I certainly shall."

"But you need hardly add, for it does not matter, that you should not care to see your cousin dragged down through any foolish hope of serving yours or you; or that you see any presumption in his offer; for that, in fact, the son of an English carpenter is quite equal to the descendants of Irish kings." Thereupon Charlotte broke down again, and began to cry with vexation, and perhaps with mortified self-love.

"I beg your pardon," blundered Don John. "You said yourself that you felt he did not love you, or I should not have presumed —"

She had started up by this time.

"It is quite time to go in," she remarked, interrupting him; and she stepped forth into the dusky garden, when, having dried her eyes, she presently answered some further apologetic speech by asking him some question about his visit to Scotland.

Charlotte had never had a lover in her life. She was quite capable of expressing doubt as to the truth of this one; but when it was taken for granted, by the person who should have dissipated her doubts, that he could not be true, it was rather too much for her philosophy. She would have sacrificed herself without mercy, if she had heartily believed that she was beloved; and now — well, Lancy, poor fellow, was certainly not worth having. It would have been a great convenience to this family if she could have reformed him; but since her great ally KNEW that he only wanted to make a convenience of her, all the sweetness of a sacrifice would be taken away if she made it, and only degradation and misery would be left.

Charlotte was very disconsolate the next day. So was Don John. She did not meet his efforts at reconciliation, but simply passed them over.

A woman, young, beautiful, warm-hearted, it was a peculiar mortification to her not to be beloved.

She must have lost her heart at once if she had known that any eyes found the light in hers sweet.

That there was a foolish young fellow

close at hand, who found every nook in house or garden complete and perfect if she was in it, treasured up all her sayings with approval, thought the changes on her cheek more fair than the flush of sunset—she could not have believed without due assurance; but she was not to have that assurance. She never mentioned Lancy now, and she could not get over the mortification which she had, however, brought upon herself; and Don John soon knew from Lancy himself that she had refused him, and yet had so far yielded to his mother's deprecating letters as to promise that she would not utterly decide against him, she would let him speak again in the spring.

That was a long, cold, dark winter. It appeared as if the spring would never come. Don John had anxieties common to himself with all the family, and he had some which oppressed him alone. Among the first was the putting off of Marjorie's marriage. The two thousand pounds promised to his eldest daughter could not be produced without expedients which Donald Johnstone considered unjust to his other children. So he put it off till "the spring," hoping to produce it then; but only Don John knew how this told on his health and spirits, surprised and annoyed the family of his intended son-in-law, and disappointed his daughter.

As to Don John, he groaned in secret over the assurance which had suffered him so fearlessly to interfere. If he had but left Marjorie alone!

In the mean time Donald Johnstone soon recovered from his accident, and began to resume his usual habits. He thought himself well, and it did not come under his observation that he was never long alone.

He might have a sudden fainting-fit again. He must not go to town or walk or drive alone, but quite naturally it came to pass that he hardly ever was alone. His wife saw to that when he was at home—his son always went to town with him, lunched with him, sat in the same room, and came back with him.

Such consolation as was to be got out of the increasing love of both parents Don John received that winter, but his life was dull, and time and events seemed hard upon him. A good deal more money was lost that winter; and Lancy caused Don John a world of worry, for Lancy was getting on—so his mother said; but how could this be? He was only a clerk—he had never been articled. Sometimes Don John went to see his mother, Mrs. Ward.

She had possessed a good deal of handsome jewelry, and was parting with it by degrees. She had easily persuaded Lancy that it was to his advantage to share her lodgings, and the Johnstones had not been able to prevent this. Little enough, if any, of her four hundred a year ever came to her; yet a certain air of triumph appeared sometimes in her manner, and surprised Don John, no less than did the sullenness and reserve of Lancy when he would come from time to time to see his adoptive father, and receive his quarter's allowance.

So the winter dragged slowly on. Don John had much more to do than before his father's illness. Charlotte was a good deal away with her own people, and she had soon appeared to forgive him after their unlucky conversation; but there was seldom anything to discuss as of old.

Don John knew that several letters had been written by Lancy's mother to Charlotte, and he often longed to tell her that she ought to confide the matter to his parents, who were her natural guardians. He was sure of this, but how should he say it? why did he wish it, excepting because he knew they would not approve? No, Lancy must and should have his chance, however bitter this might be to his foster-brother.

It was not till the end of March that Charlotte, who had just returned from a long visit, said to him as they were walking home from church, and a little behind the others,—

"Mrs. Ward has been teasing me again about Lancy; asking whether I consider that this is the spring. You have said that you know he does not care for me now, but I suppose you can hardly say that you know he never will?"

"No, I am not so base as to say that. But then, Charlotte, you are not so poor in affection that you do well to hang on the hope of his, if it is yet to come. There is not one person in our house that does not love you heartily."

"More than Lancy is ever likely to do?"

"*Comparisons are odious.* I only say that we all love you heartily. My father and mother do."

"Yes."

"And the girls do."

"Yes."

"And I do."

"Well, now you say it in so many words I remember that I have had no cause all these years to think otherwise. And yet why should you, there seems no reason?"

"There is every reason."

A short silence here, then Charlotte looked up at him and said, "Sometimes we have quarrelled, and often we have argued together, and I have not been nice to you at all."

Don John felt a singing in his ears, it appeared to repeat to him "Lancy—Lancy—Lancy;" he set his teeth together, and was silent.

She went on in a tone of sweet elation, "But that was because I did not know. So many people in the world who love me heartily—almost as heartily, he appeared to say, as I loved them. And it sounded quite true. Now the world seems much more beautiful and happy, and I am enriched, and that other talk of Lancy's is all the more sham. I forgive you, Don John; I am consoled, and I shall never quarrel with you any more."

Was not this the right time to speak? If so Charlotte did not know it. She found the former speech complete.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
OPHELIA.

BY HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN.

BRYNTYSILIO, August 10, 1880.

"O rose of May! Sweet Ophelia!"

AND so you ask me, my friend,—indeed I may almost say that you insist,—after our late talk over her, that I should put down in writing my idea of Ophelia, that you may make, as you say, a new study of her character.

Accustomed as you are to write fluently all your thoughts, you will hardly believe what a difficult task you have set me. My views of Shakespeare's women have been wont to take their shape in the living portraiture of the stage, and not in words. I have, in imagination, lived their lives from the very beginning to the end; and Ophelia, as I have pictured her, is so unlike what I hear and read about her, and have seen, that I can scarcely hope to make any one think of her as I do. It hurts me to hear her spoken of, as she often is, as a weak creature, wanting in truthfulness, in purpose, in force of character, and only interesting when she loses the little wits she had. And yet who can wonder that a character so delicately outlined, and shaded in with strokes so fine, should be often gravely misunderstood?

Faint and delicate, however, as these shadowings are, they are yet so true to

nature, and, at the same time, so full of suggestion, that I look on Ophelia as one of the strongest proofs our great master has left us of his belief in the actor's art (his own), and of his trust in the power of filling up, at least by sympathetic natures, and of giving full and vivid life to the creatures of his brain. Without this belief, could he have written as he did, when boys and beardless youths were the only representatives of his women on the stage? Yes, he must have looked beyond "the ignorant present," and known that a time would come when women, true and worthy, should find it a glory to throw the best part of their natures into these ideal types which he has left to testify to his faith in womanhood, and to make them living realities for thousands to whom they would else have been unknown. Think of a boy as Juliet! as "heavenly Rosalind"! as "divine Imogen"! or the gracious lady of Belmont, "richly left," but still more richly endowed by nature—"The poor rude world," says Jessica, "hath not her fellow." Think of a boy as Miranda, Cordelia, Hermione, Desdemona, who "was heavenly true,"—as the bright Beatrice, and so on, through all the wondrous gallery! How could any youth, however gifted and specially trained, even faintly suggest these fair and noble women to an audience? Woman's words coming from a man's lips, a man's heart,—it seems monstrous to think of! One quite pities Shakespeare, who had to put up with seeing his brightest creations thus marred, misrepresented, spoiled.

But to come back to Ophelia. She was one of the pet dreams of my girlhood,—partly, perhaps, from the mystery of her madness. In my childhood I was much alone,—taken early away from school because of delicate health; often sent to spend months at the sea, in the charge of kind but busy people, who, finding me happy with my books on the beach, left me there long hours by myself. I had begged from home the Shakespeare I had been used to read there,—an acting edition by John Kemble. This and the "Arabian Nights"—how dear these books were to me! Then I had the "Pilgrim's Progress," and Milton's "Paradise Lost." Satan was my great hero. I think I knew him by heart. His address to the council I have often declaimed to the waves, when sure of being unobserved. I had also a translation—I do not know whose (poor enough, but good enough for me then)—of Dante's

"Inferno," some lines of which sank deep into my heart. I have not seen the book for years and years; but they are still there.

Up; be bold!

Vanquish fatigue by energy of mind!
For not on plumes or canopied in state
The soul wins fame!

How often since, in life's hard struggles and troubles, have these lines helped me!

My books were indeed a strange medley, but they were all that were within my reach, and I found them satisfying. They filled my young heart and mind with what fascinated me most, the gorgeous, the wonderful, the grand, the heroic, the self-denying, the self-devoting.

Like all children, I kept, as a rule, my greatest delight to myself. I remember on some occasions, after I had returned home to my usual studies, when a doubt arose about some passage which had happened to be in my little storehouse, being able to repeat whole chapters and scenes of my favorites to the amused ears of those about me. But I never revealed how much my life was wrapt up in them, even to my only sister, dear as she was to me. She was many years older than myself, and too fond of fun, to share in my day-and-night dreams. I knew I should only be laughed at or quizzed.

Thus I had lived again and again through the whole childhood and lives of many of Shakespeare's heroines, long before it was my happy privilege to impersonate and make them, in my fashion, my own. During the few years I acted under Mr. Macready's management, almost the first, as you know, in my theatrical life, I was never called upon to act the character of Ophelia, — I suppose because the little snatches of song (merely what we call the humming of a tune) kept still alive the tradition that an accomplished singer was required for the part. I had my wish, however, when in Paris, a little later, I was asked, as a favor, to support Mr. Macready in "Hamlet" by acting Ophelia. I need not say how nervous I felt, — all the more because of this *singing* tradition. The performances were given in the Salle Ventadour, on the "off-nights" of the Italian Opera.

Oh how difficult it is, however much you have lived in a thing, to make real your own ideal, and give it an utterance and a form! To add to my fright, I was told just before entering on the scene, that Grisi, and many others of the Italian group, were sitting in a private box on

the stage. But I believe I sang in tune, and soon forgot her and all. I could not help feeling that I somehow drew my audience with me. And what an audience it was! No obtrusive noisy applause, for there was no organized *claque* for the English plays; but what an indescribable atmosphere of sympathy surrounded you! Every tone was heard, every look was watched, felt, appreciated. I seemed lifted into "an ampler ether, a diviner air." Think, if this were so in Desdemona, in Ophelia, what it must have been to act Juliet to them! I was in a perfect ecstasy of delight. I remember that, because of the curtailment of some of the scenes in "Romeo and Juliet" (the brilliant Mercutio was cut out), I had to change my dress very quickly and came to the side-scene breathless. I said something to Mr. Serle, the acting manager, about the hot haste of it all, — no pause to gather oneself up for the great exertion that was to follow. He replied, "Never mind, you will feel no fatigue after this." And he was right. The inspiration of the scene is at all times the best anodyne to pain and bodily fatigue. But who could think of either before an audience so sensitively alive to every touch of the artist's hand?

But to return to poor Ophelia. I learned afterwards that, among the audience, when I played her first, were many of the finest minds in Paris; and these found "most pretty things" to say of the Ophelia to which I had introduced them. Many came after the play to my dressing-room in the French fashion, — to say them, I suppose; but having had the same scene to go through before, after Desdemona, the character in which I first appeared in Paris, my English shyness took me out of the theatre as soon as I had finished, and before the play ended. All this was of course pleasant. But really what gratified me most, was to learn that Mr. Macready, sternest of critics, watched me on each night in the scenes of the fourth act; and among the many kind things he said, I cannot forget his telling me that I had thrown a new light for him on the part, and that he had never known the mad scenes even touched before. How I treated them specially, it would be difficult to describe to you in words, because they were the outcome of the whole character and life of Ophelia, as these had shaped themselves in my youthful dream.

And now to tell you, as nearly as I can, what that dream was.

I pictured Ophelia to myself as the motherless child of an elderly Polonius. His young wife had first given him a son, Laertes, and had died a few years later, after giving birth to the poor little Ophelia. The son takes much after his father, and, his student-life over, seeks his pleasure in the gay life and country of France; fond of his little sister in a patronizing way, in their rare meetings, but neither understanding, nor caring to understand, her nature at all.

The baby Ophelia was left, as I fancy, to the kindly, but thoroughly unsympathetic tending of country folk, who knew little of "infant nurture." Think of her, sweet, fond, sensitive, tender-hearted, the offspring of a delicate dead mother, cared for only by roughly-mannered and uncultured natures! One can see the lonely child, lonely from choice, with no playmates of her kind, wandering by the streams, plucking flowers, making wreaths and coronals, learning the names of all the wild flowers in glade and dingle, having many pet ones, listening with eager ears, and lulled to sleep at night by the country songs, whose words and melodies (the former, in true country fashion, not too refined or modest) come back to her memory again vividly, as such things strangely but surely do, only when her wits have flown. Thus it is that, when she has been "blasted with ecstasy," all the country customs return to her mind: the manner of burying the dead, the strewing the grave with flowers, "at his head, a grass-green turf; at his heels, a stone,"—with all the other country ceremonies. I think it important to keep in view this part of her supposed life, because it puts to flight all the coarse suggestions which unimaginative critics have sometimes made, to explain how Ophelia came to have in her mind snatches of such ballads as are scarcely to be expected from a young and cultured gentlewoman's lips.

When we see Ophelia first, this "rose of May" is just budding; and, indeed, it is as a bud, never as a full flower, that she lived her brief life.

*Et rose, — elle a vécu, ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.*

She was still very young, in her early teens, according to what Laertes says, when he last sees her. We can imagine her formal, courtierly father, on one of his rare and stated visits to his country home (ill spared from his loved court duties), noting with surprise his little daughter

grown into the promise of a charming womanhood. The tender beauty of this budding rose must be no longer left to blush unseen; this shy, gentle nature must be developed, made into something more worthy of her rank. She must imbibe the court culture, and live in its atmosphere. She must become a court lady; and this hitherto half-forgotten flower must be made to expand, under his own eye and teaching, into the beauty of a full-blown hothouse exotic.

When we first see her, we may fairly suppose that she has been only a few months at court. It has taken off none of the bloom of her beautiful nature. That is pure and fresh and simple as she brought it from her country home. One change has taken place, and this a great one. Her heart has been touched, and has found its ideal in the one man about the court most likely to reach it, both from his rare and attractive personal qualities, and a certain loneliness in his position not very unlike her own. How could she but feel flattered—drawn towards this romantic, desolate Hamlet, the observed of all observers, whose "music vows" have been early whispered in her ears? On the other hand, what sweet repose it must have been to the tired, moody scholar, soldier, prince, dissatisfied with the world and all its ways, to open his heart to her, and to hear the shy yet eloquent talk which he would woo from her, to watch the look and manner and movements of this graceful child of nature—watch, too, her growing wonder at all her new surroundings, the court ceremonies, the strange diversities of character, and the impressions made upon her by them; what delight to trace and analyze the workings of this pure impressionable mind, all the more interesting and wonderful to him because of the contrast she presented to the parent stem! In all this there was for him the subtle charm, which the deep philosophical intellect must ever find in the pure unconscious innocence and wisdom of a guileless heart.

One can see how the pompous officiousness and the platitudes of Polonius irritate Hamlet beyond expression. What a contrast the daughter presents to him! Restful, intelligent, unobtrusive, altogether charming, and whom he loves "best, O most best, believe it." "Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet." And to Ophelia, how great must have been the attraction of an intercourse with a mind like Hamlet's, when she first saw him,

and had been sought by his "solicitations"! How alluring, how subtly sweet to one hitherto so lonely, so tender-hearted, shy, and diffident of her power to please; yet, though she knew it not, so well fitted to understand and to appreciate all the finest qualities of the young lord Hamlet! We see how often and often they had met, by Polonius's own telling. Nor could he possibly have been ignorant that they did so meet. He says, —

But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me.)

Then, all that her brother says to her shows complete indifference to her feelings. I never could get over the shock of his lecturing her, "touching the lord Hamlet," when we first see them together as he is starting for France. Poor maiden! to have this treasured secret of her inner life, her very life, her very soul, a secret so sweet, so sacred, so covered over as she thinks from all eyes, — thus dragged rudely to the light; discussed in the most commonplace tone, and her very maidenly modesty questioned! Who will say she is not truthful, when on being asked, as she is soon after, by her father, "What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?" she replies at once, notwithstanding all her pain, "So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet"? Think how her sensitive, delicate nature must again have shrunk and quivered, while listening to the cautious and worldly platitudes of her father, which follow! Then, to be commanded to deny herself to the one being dear to her, and with whom she has sympathy; and what a feeling of degradation as well as anguish must have been behind the few words she utters, "I shall obey, my lord!"

Ophelia naturally had her attendants whose duty it was to tell her father of these meetings, and who evidently did so. They were clearly not objected to by him, and he let the interviews go on, till he thought it might be as well, by interfering, to find out if Hamlet were in earnest in his attachment, and if it would be sanctioned by the king and queen. By this interference his worldly wisdom overreached itself. It came at the wrong, the worst time. He bids Ophelia deny Hamlet access to her, trusting that this will make him openly avow his love; and, of course, in entire ignorance of the fearful scene, the dread revelation, which had meanwhile taken place, and which was to

cut Hamlet's life in twain, to obliterate from it all "trivial fond records," and to shake to its foundations all faith in womanhood, hitherto most sacred to him in the name and person of his mother, the mother whom from his boyhood he had fondly loved, and whom he had seen so cherished and adored by his dead father.

Pause a moment with me and think of the extraordinary attractions of this mother. Another Helen of Troy she seems to me, in the subtle fascination which she exercises on all who come within her influence; not perhaps designedly, but like the Helena of the second part of Goethe's "Faust," by an untoward fate which drew on all insensibly to love her.

Wehe mir! Welch streng Geschick
Verfolgt mich, überall der Männer Busen
So zu bethören, dass sie weder sich
Noch sonst ein Würdiges verschonten.

Woe's me, what ruthless fate
Pursues me, that, where'er I go, I thus
Befool men's senses, so they not respect
Themselves, nor aught that's worthy!

What a picture is presented of the depth of her husband's love in Hamlet's words that he would not "beteem the winds of heaven visit her cheek too roughly"! And this spell still exercises itself upon his spirit after his death. Observe how tenderly he calls Hamlet's attention to the queen in the closet scene, —

But see, amazement on your mother sits!
Oh, step between her and her fighting soul!

Claudius, his successor, perils his soul for her. She is his all in all. See what he says of her, —

She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her.

She is tenderness itself to her son. "The queen his mother," says Claudius, "lives almost by his looks."

I cannot believe that Gertrude knew anything of the murder of her husband. His spirit does not even hint that she was privy to it; if she had been, could he have spoken of her so tenderly as he does? Hamlet, in the height of his passion, does indeed charge her with this guilty knowledge in the words, —

Almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Again he calls Claudius in her hearing "a murderer and a villain," but in both cases the imputation clearly wakens no echo in her soul; and she puts it down,

with much else that he says, to "the heat and flame of his distemper." "The black and grained spots" in her soul, of which she speaks, are the stings of her awakened conscience, to which her husband's spirit had warned Hamlet to leave her—remorse for her too soon forgetfulness of her noble husband, and her almost immediate marriage with his brother, the shame of which Hamlet's passionate words have brought home to her so unexpectedly and so irresistibly.

Gertrude evidently sees with satisfaction the growing love between Hamlet and Ophelia. She loves the "sweet maid," and hopes to see their betrothal, and to strew her bridal bed. On her side, Ophelia had felt fully the gracious kindness of the queen; had gratefully returned the affection shown to her; and, like the rest, had been drawn towards her by her beauty and winning graciousness. A proof of this breaks out in her madness, when she clamors for, and will not be denied, the presence of "the beauteous majesty of Denmark."

Ophelia's conduct in reference to the meeting with Hamlet, concerted by her father and the king, has drawn upon her head a world of surely unjust censure and indignation. When the poor girl is brought, half willingly, half unwillingly, to that (for her) fatal interview, we must not forget the previous one, described by her to her father, when she rushes in affrighted, and recounts Hamlet's sudden and forbidden intrusion upon her in her closet where she was sewing; presenting an appearance such as no sane gentleman could make before a lady—slovenly, "his stockings foul'd, ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle," the woe-worn look, the sigh so piteous and profound, the eyes as he went backwards out of the chamber, bending to the last their light upon herself. Her father's interpretation is, that "he is mad for her love;" the special cause for this outbreak, that "she did repel his letters, and denied his access." Here his worldly wisdom is again at fault.

I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted him; I feared he did but
trifle,
And meant to wreck thee.

All this is startling and sad enough, but not entirely hopeless or remediless. Ophelia has at least the solace of hoping, believing that she is beloved by her "soul's idol." Could she, then, but see

him once again, she might learn whether Hamlet's strange agitation were really what was represented,—whether, as her father had said, he were indeed "mad for her love"! In this state of mind surely she is not to be much blamed, or judged very harshly, if she consented to lend herself to the arrangement proposed by her father; acutely painful though it must have been to her fine nature, after denying him access to her repeatedly, thus to thrust herself upon her lover's notice, and become, as it were, the partner in a trick. She has, too, the sanction of his mother the queen, who says:—

And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's willness: so shall I hope your
virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honors.

Her fault, if fault it were, was cruelly expiated. She will test his affection by offering to return his love-tokens, his gifts and letters—anything to end this torturing suspense. We can believe how cautiously, how tenderly her approaches are made to this so deeply loved, and, as she fears, afflicted one. That Ophelia should, after denying her presence to him, thus place herself in Hamlet's path, and challenge his notice, at once excites in his mind a suspicion of some device to circumvent him. Saluting her at first gently, his tone alters, as he sees in the offer of the return of his "remembrances" a repetition of the plot laid for him before in the persons of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. That he is again to be thus played with, and that this innocent girl, as he had thought her, should lend herself to entrap him, drives him past his patience; and without mercy he soon begins to pour down upon her the full vials of his wrath. In their last interview he had been touchingly gentle and sad: voiceless,—showing a pathos beyond words: like the reluctant parting of the soul from the body. Now, his rude, meaningless words, his violent manner, his shrill voice, "out of tune and harsh," the absence of all courtesy, convince her that he is mad indeed. How can it be otherwise? In all their former intercourse he had appeared to her as

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers!

His gifts were offered to her with "words of so sweet breath composed, as made the things more rich."

He could not be more pitiless if the worst of her sex stood there, and not this young creature, this tender willow, swaying, bending before the storm-bursts of his wrath, the cutting winds of his fierce words. Many of these words, these reproaches, must have passed harmless over the innocent heart which did not know their meaning. But what a picture (who could paint it?) is that of the stunned, bewildered, heart-stricken lamb, thus standing alone to bear the sins of all her sex thrown at her! She can only whisper a prayer or two for him, — no thought of her own desolation comes to her then. "O, help him, you sweet heavens!" "Heavenly powers, restore him!" When suddenly challenged, "Where's your father?" the question recalls to her remembrance what she has for the time forgotten in deeper matter, that he is at this very moment acting the degrading part of eavesdropper. What can she do but stammer out in reply, "At home, my lord"? Shall she expose the old man, when thus called to answer for him, to the insults, the violence of Hamlet's mad anger, which must have fallen upon him had she told the truth? No; like Desdemona she faces the falsehood, and to screen her father, takes it upon her own soul. "O, who has done this deed?" "Nobody; I myself. Farewell; Commend me to my kind lord." Who thinks of condemning Desdemona? As Emilia says, "Oh, she was heavenly true." And yet I have seen Ophelia's answer brought forward as a proof of her weakness; and this weakness of character asserted to be the cause of Hamlet's failure, or, at least, to play an important part in the tragedy of his character. Such weakness I call *strength*, in the highest, most noble, because most self-forgetting, sense of the word.

And so Ophelia, in her "weakness," fears to tell the truth, lest, in this too terrible paroxysm of madness which now possesses him, Hamlet might possibly kill her old father. But this is soon to follow, and proves to be the drop too much in her cup of lonely anguish. When Hamlet has left the scene, even then not a sob is heard, no tears are shed: there is no time yet for self-pity. Her soul's agony is too deep for tears, — beyond all utterance of the common kind. First in her thoughts is the "noble mind o'erthrown," and "most sovereign reason, like sweet bells jangled." At last, when she has gone through the catalogue of his rare virtues, his princely qualities, his

noble attributes, — "all quite, quite down!" — at the end she looks at herself, — she who had "suck'd the honey of his music vows." What is left for her? — for her "of ladies most deject and wretched"? "O, woe is me! To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!" This is all she says, "still harping on" Hamlet.

In the usual stage arrangement Ophelia leaves the scene with these words. But how much more touching is Shakespeare's idea that she shall remain! Her heartless father, knowing nothing, seeing nothing of the tragedy that is going on before his eyes, unconscious from first to last how deeply she has been wounded, and still treating her merely as a tool, says, —

How now, Ophelia!

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said; We heard it all.

He and the king had only eyes and ears for Hamlet; and so she drifts away from them into a shoreless "sea of troubles," unheeded and unmissed.

We see her once again, playing a sort of automaton part in the play-scene — sitting patiently, watchfully, with eyes only for the poor stricken one who asks to lay his head on her lap. You see, in the little that passes between them, how gently she treats her wayward, smitten lover. And then, having no clue to his trouble, no thread by which to link it with the past, she is scared away, with the rest, at what appears to be a fresh outbreak of Hamlet's malady. By this time her own misery and desolation must have come fully home to her, — her hurt mind, her wrecked happiness must be more than the young unaccustomed spirit can stand up against. She is not likely, after the previous experience, to seek solace in her father's sympathy: nor is hers a nature to seek it anywhere. If found, it must have come to her by the way. The queen is, by this time, wrapped up in her own griefs, — inclined to confess herself to Heaven, repent what's past. "O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain." "What shall I do?" She is grieved enough for Ophelia when she sees her "distract," but has had no time to waste upon her amid her own numerous fast-growing cares, — not even, as it seems, to break to her the news of her father's death. There might have been some drop of comfort, if she had told Ophelia, as she told the king, "He weeps for what is done!" Most likely, in the usual marvel-loving way of common people, the

news of Polonius's death by Hamlet's hand was conveyed hurriedly, without any preparation, to Ophelia's ears, by her attendants. Shock upon shock! The heart already stricken, the young brain undisciplined in life's storms, and in close and subtle sympathy with him who was her very life,—she catches insensibly the infection of his mind's disease, her wits go wandering after his, and, like him, she falls down,—“quite, quite down.” One feels the mercifulness of this. The “sweet Heavens,” to which she had appealed to help Hamlet, had helped her! Her mind, in losing memory, loses the remembrance of all the woful past, and goes back to her childhood, with its simple folk-lore and nursery rhymes. Still, through all this, we have the indication of dimly remembered wrongs and griefs. She says she hears “There's tricks i' the world, and hems, and beats her heart; . . . speaks things in doubt, that carry but half sense, . . . would make one think there might be thought, though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.” But the deeper suffering—the love and grief together—cannot (perhaps never could) find expression in words. The soul's wreck, the broken heart, are seen only by Him who knows all. Happily, there is no vulgar comment made upon the deep affection which she had so silently cherished,—no rude, pitying words. “O! this,” says the king, “is the poison of deep grief; it springs all from her father's death.” Laertes says:—

O rose of May!

O Heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

He comes a little nearer the truth in what follows:—

Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

But one sees he has not the faintest insight into the real cause of her loss of wits. The revenge he seeks upon Hamlet is for his father—

His means of death, his obscure burial,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

A matter of family pride in Laertes, as well as grief for his father's loss. Then at her grave, he says,—

O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that curs'd head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of!

Only “when they shall meet at compt” will even Hamlet know the grief he has brought upon, the wrong he has done to, this deep and guileless spirit. So far as we see, he has indeed blotted her from his mind as a “trivial fond record.” He is so self-centred, so wrapped up in his own suffering, that he has no thought to waste on the delicate girl whom he had wooed with such a “fire of love,” and had taught to listen to his most honeyed vows. He casts her from him like a worthless weed, without a word of explanation or a quiver of remorse. Let us hope that when he sees her grave his conscience stings him; but beyond ranting louder than Laertes about what he would do for her sake—and she *dead*!—there is not much sign of his love being worthy, at any time, of the sweet life lost for it.

Perhaps you will think that, in the fullness of my sympathy for Ophelia, I feel too little for Hamlet. But this is not really so. One cannot judge Hamlet's actions by ordinary rules. He is involved in the meshes of a ruthless destiny, from which by nature and temperament he is powerless to extricate himself. In the infirmity of a character which expends its force in words and shrinks from resolute action, he drags down Ophelia unconsciously with him. They are the victims of the same inexorable fate. I could find much to say in explanation and in extenuation of the shortcomings of one on whom a task was laid which he of all men, by the essential elements of his character, seemed least fitted to accomplish.

But you see, I only touch upon his character so far as it bears upon Ophelia, on what he is and has been to her. Before the story begins, he has offered her his love “in honorable fashion.” Then we hear from her of the silent interview which so affrights her. After this, when for the first time we see them together, he treats her as only a madman could, and in a way which not even his affectation of madness can excuse. Again, in the play-scene which follows, the same wilfulness, even insolence, of manner is shown to her. Now, whatever his own troubles, perplexities, heartbreaks, might be, it is hard to find an apology for such usage of one whose heart he could not but know he had won. He is even tenderer, more considerate, to his mother,

whom he thinks so wanton and so guilty, than to this young girl, whom he has "importuned with love," and "given countenance to his speech with almost all the holy vows of heaven."

I cannot, therefore, think that Hamlet comes out well in his relations with Ophelia. I do not forget what he says at her grave:—

I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum!

But I weigh his actions against his words, and find them wanting. The very language of his letter to Ophelia, which Polonius reads to the king and queen, has not the true ring in it. It comes from the head, and not from the heart—it is a string of euphuisms, which almost justifies Laertes' warning to his sister, that the "trifling of Hamlet's favor" is but "the perfume and suppliance of a minute." Hamlet loves, I have always felt, only in a dreamy, imaginative way, with a love as deep, perhaps, as can be felt by a nature fuller of thought and contemplation than of sympathy and passion. Ophelia does not sway his whole being, perhaps no woman could, as he sways hers. Had she done so, not even the task imposed upon him by his father's spirit could have made him blot her love from his mind as "a trivial fond record," for it would have been interwoven inseparably with his soul once and forever.

When Ophelia comes before us for the last time, with her lap full of flowers, to pay all honor and reverence, as she thinks, in country fashion, to her father's grave, the brother is by her side, of whom she had said before, most significantly, that he should "know of it." "I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground." Then he can lavish in her heedless ears the kind phrases, the words of love, of which in her past days he had been too sparing. "O rose of May! dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!" But the smiles are gone which would once have greeted these kind words. He has passed out of her memory, even as she had passed out of his, when he was "treading the primrose path of dalliance" in sunny France. She has no thought but to bury the dead—*her dead love*—her old father taking the outward form of it. Even the flowers she has gathered have little beauty or sweetness,— "rosemary for remembrance; pray you, love, remember:"—he has said he never gave her aught! "I loved you

not"—"rue," for desolation; fennel, and columbines—a daisy, the only pleasant flower; with pansies for thoughts. Violets she would give, but cannot. "They withered all" with her dead love.

To Ophelia's treatment of her brother in this scene, I ventured to give a character which I cannot well describe, but to which, as I took care it should not be obtrusive, and only as a part of the business of the scene, I felt sure that my great master, the actor-author, would not have objected. I tried to give not only his words, but, by a sympathetic interpretation, his deeper meaning—a meaning to be apprehended only by that sympathy which arises in, and is the imagination of, the heart.

When Laertes approaches Ophelia, something in his voice and look brings back a dim, flitting remembrance; she gives him of her flowers, and motions him to share in the obsequies she is paying. When her eyes next fall upon him, she associates him somehow with the "tricks i' the world." A faint remembrance comes over her of his warning words, of the shock they gave her, and of the misery which came so soon afterwards. These she pieces together with her "half sense," and thinks he is the cause of all. She looks upon him with doubt, even aversion; and, when he would approach her, shrinks away with threatening gestures and angry looks. All this was shown only at intervals, and with pauses between,—mostly by looks and slight action,—a fitful vagueness being indicated throughout. The soul of sense being gone, the sweet mind had become "such stuff as dreams are made of." The body bore some resemblance to the rose of May; but it was only as the casket without the jewel. Nothing was left there of the thoughtful, reticent, gentle Ophelia. The unobtrusive calm which had formerly marked her demeanor had changed to waywardness. The forcing her way into the presence of the queen, where she had been used to go only when called, clamoring for her will, and with her winks, nods, and gestures, "strewing dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds," tells with a terrible emphasis how all is changed, and how her reason too has become "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

Poor rose of May! Who does not give a sigh, a sob of grief, at miserable Gertrude's beautiful account of the watery death of this fragile bud, cut down by a cold spring storm, before her true midsummer had arrived? She sings her own

requiem, and carries the flowers of her innocence along with her to the end. Like the fabled swan, with her death-song on her lips, she floats unconsciously among the water-lilies, till the kindly stream embraces and takes her to itself, and to "that blessed last of deaths, where death is dead."

Dear friend, these are little better than rough notes. I have written much, yet seem to have said nothing. "Piece out my imperfections with your thoughts."

Yours always affectionately,

HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN.

To Miss GERALDINE E. JEWSDRY.

From Temple Bar.

THE FRERES.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T."

CHAPTER VII.

THE days which succeeded Uncle Frere's dinner were very trying to the whole party. Mrs. Frere was terribly cast down; her interview with her cold and powerful brother-in-law did more to enlighten her as to her insignificant and helpless position than volumes of kindly explanation such as Jimmy Byrne attempted, and which, it must be admitted, between a respectful fear of offending and an ardent desire to impress the strong need of economy, were rather incoherent.

Randal, too, was more crestfallen than he would confess even to himself, and was consequently touchy and exacting in an unusual degree. The tone his uncle and Max adopted towards him grated on his sensitive self-consciousness with maddening irritation, so long as the impression lasted. He instinctively felt that the only cure for such a sore was an extensive application of praise and flattery, a salve which he naturally sought at the hands of his brilliant and distinguished acquaintance, Halkett; a visit to the *E. G.* office about every second day was the consequence. Halkett, however, was not to be so easily found; sometimes he was out, sometimes so deeply engaged that he could not see even his gifted young friend Frere; then "Pon his soul he hadn't had the ghost of a minute to himself to look at those sketches his dear boy had left with him! But on Sunday—faith! if all the press in London was howling at his heels for 'copy,' he *would* read his friend's lucubrations."

The depression of her elders really made Mab more restless, or made her seem more restless; and then she managed to offend Miss Timbs, who in an odd mechanical way was disposed to be friendly. But one unfortunate evening, when Mrs. Frere was complaining of headache, Miss Timbs had asked Mab down-stairs, and, *à propos* of the canary and birds in general, related a gruesome anecdote of a conflict between some rats and an owl, somewhere in the country, to which Mab listened with deep attention, but confounded Miss Timbs by inquiring at the end, "What is a 'howl'—I cannot quite understand?"

"Why, bless the child! hain't you got no howls in your country?"

"I do not know exactly; there are some cries we call howls."

"I mean a big white bird."

"Oh, I know! Why do you call it 'howl'? It is owl, without an 'h.'"

"Very well, miss! if that's all the thanks I get for telling you a pretty story, you may go up-stairs. No one ever found fault with my speech before. I don't say howl; I say howl!"

"There! that's just the same! you *do* put an 'h' to it. Why are you vexed? I like the story. Please tell it all over again; only do say owl."

It was amazing the bitterness with which the severe landlady resented the child's supposed insult. It woke up all her suspicion, and she soon decided that her elegant, fastidious lodgers were not possessed of an amount of this world's goods proportionate to their pretensions.

It is true her first bill was promptly paid (for after going carefully through the items, Jimmy had pronounced them not out of the way), but then there was a decided drawing-in, in which Grace was the chief agent. Yet of the whole family Grace was her chief favorite. There was something attractive to Miss Timbs' innate John Bullism in Grace's frank, straightforward, reasonable mode of dealing—her refusal to buy costly eatables, simply because they cost too much—her preference for walking to driving in cabs for the same reason—which elicited respect from the immaculate Timbs. "Miss Frere is as sensible a young woman as ever I met," was her verdict.

But on Grace herself this pause in the onward course of the family history pressed most painfully.

If Max had been utterly cold and unfriendly, all the strength of her pride would have been up in arms to resist her

own tenderness. But he had been kind, helpful, and Mrs. Frere reported of him on the whole favorably at that awful after-dinner conference; while one answering look of his into her eyes as she made her whispered appeal in passing through the dining-room door, haunted Grace, and threw a welcome though misleading gleam over the dull grey mist of doubt and perplexity in which her thoughts worked round and round with painful iteration.

Was it not possible that, as she was evidently unacceptable to his father, Max avoided any display of feeling for all their sakes? She would have faith; distrust was so ignoble. But, oh! this unspoken uncertainty, how hard it was to bear, and yet to show a brave, cheerful front, to resist the irritation that is the accompaniment of uncertainty, to bear with Mab, to soothe her mother's fears, and suppress the overwhelming temptation to snub Randal!

Small matters, perhaps, compared to the graver trials of after-years; nevertheless, very real and bitter to the young, high-spirited sufferer, whose heart alternately yearned with almost agonized longing for one kind look, one loving word from her lover-cousin, or aroused itself into haughty self-contempt for thus casting its all at another's feet.

The period of inaction was short.

Early in the week following Uncle Frere's dinner, Lady Elton called. It was a fine day, and Grace had persuaded her mother to come with Mab and herself to Kensington Gardens. The sight of the cards left during their absence, however, cheered both Grace and Mrs. Frere; it seemed a token that they were not quite forgotten, though Max had broken his promise to Mabel, and failed to appear on the previous Sunday. True, he had sent a pleasant, well-bred note of excuse to his aunt, but the failure had cut deeply into Grace's soul, and strengthened her to resist the perpetual thought of him, which was at once a torture and a delight.

"I am so sorry we were out," said Grace, as she stood looking at the cards. "I have taken a great fancy to Lady Elton; she seems so kind and very clever, just like one of these wonderful women of the world in a novel, who understand everything, and put everything right in the end."

"Ah, Grace! the real world is very different from what you read of in your books; I am afraid mademoiselle allowed you to waste a great deal of time in novel-reading."

"Indeed, you need not blame mademoiselle! but you will return Lady Elton's visit soon, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"And you must take me," remarked Mabel; "I cannot stay with Miss Timbs, she is so cross and disagreeable."

"Very well, Mab."

"I like to see new houses and places," continued Mab; "and though I am looking about, I can hear all you say too."

"You are a little spy—I always tell you so," said Grace.

"I do not care if you do," returned Mabel, with supreme indifference.

In the evening, Randal, who had returned in better spirits, having succeeded in seeing Halkett, was giving a lively description of the interview, when the last post brought a note from Lady Elton, which was eagerly opened and read.

"MY DEAR MRS. FRERE" (it ran),—

"I have been prevented from calling on you till to-day; and of course you were out! pray do not let us exchange mere formal visits. Will you, Miss Frere, and little Mabel come to luncheon at two the day after to-morrow (Friday)? I will drive you back afterwards. Kind regards to your daughter.

"Yours truly,
"HARRIET ELTON."

"How nice and kind!" cried Grace, over her mother's shoulder.

"And I am asked too," said Mab.

"Why the deuce has she left me out?" asked Randal.

"Oh! you are supposed to have your mornings occupied," said Grace, who was not sorry for the omission; "suppose you call by yourself another day."

"And perhaps be snubbed for my pains," returned Randal crossly.

"Why, Randal! I believe you are growing shy in London."

"Nonsense!" he returned sharply: "it is you who are growing conceited. Why, I don't know; I am sure Max does not seem to think much of you here! He was at your beck and call at Dungan, and now he does not seem to remember your existence."

At this rude embodiment of all Grace's resisted doubts, it need scarcely be said the iron entered into her soul; nevertheless, she had pluck sufficient to answer good-humoredly: "Max has something else to do in London; he had only to amuse himself at Dungan."

"Just that! and so he did," rejoined Randal, with significance. "Tell me,

mother," he continued, "was the late Elton a peer or a baronet?"

"A baronet," she replied; "and I remember there was some story of a previous engagement or love affair, I do not exactly know what. Sir George Elton was a good deal older than his wife. He only lived six or seven years I think after the marriage, and left her very well off. She used always to live in Italy or Germany until lately; she was older than Mrs. Frere, I believe."

"She is beautiful and charming!" cried Grace, with enthusiasm.

"Not *beautiful*, dear!" said her mother; "charming, if you will. There used to be some talk about her, but your dear father admired and liked her very much. I should be glad if she interested herself in you, and took you out; for as to *my* going into society, that is quite impossible; I have *not* the means or the spirits!"

"Oh, mother! it is hardly to be expected that Lady Elton would take so much trouble for a stranger, and no relation!"

"She is an uncommonly nice woman," said Randal, with serious approbation; "so different from the silly girls we used to meet at Aunt d'Arcy's, who did nothing but wriggle and giggle."

"What a capital rhyme for some satirical lines on modern young ladies, Randal!" cried Grace, laughing.

Lady Elton occupied a flat in the "Sutherland Mansions"—a range of new houses built after the Continental fashion in the neighborhood of St. James's Park. Here she had taken up her abode on her return from Italy, little more than two years before, and led a very easy, luxurious, well-amused life. She had told her friends, on establishing herself in her new quarters, that she intended to assume the privileges of an old woman,—that she would make no new acquaintances, unless moved thereto by special causes; that she would go out to no large parties; in short, that she would be no slave to society, but that her friends would find her at home every Saturday evening from nine to twelve, or later, and that those who wished to know her might get some acquaintance to introduce them there. The result was, that admission to Lady Elton's Saturday receptions was eagerly sought. She was well known to an immense circle, a mixed multitude, for she pretended to no exclusiveness; while her rare intimacies were generally with members of the literary and artistic world, especially with

foreigners, who often appeared at her soirées in garments "fearfully and wonderfully made."

Though often animated and always agreeable, the more observant of Lady Elton's acquaintances felt, rather than perceived, an undercurrent of weariness and profound indifference which occasionally chilled the warmer surface-stream of her manner and conventional conversation. But there is always a great reserve power in the indifference which puts the possessor above and beyond the reach of their fellows to wound or to annoy, provided it be not offensively shown, and that it does not go the length of declining to add a fair quota to the general stock of entertainment.

Then Lady Elton gave occasional charming little dinners, studiously simple, and far from costly, yet much prized. And above all, she had the reputation of being stingy; for although her surroundings were elegant, and in her establishment there was no lack, all was on a scale considerably smaller than that to which her reputed wealth entitled her.

She was therefore credited with large accumulations, especially as no one in London knew anything of her financial operations. She was supposed to dabble in foreign stocks, to have a confidential Jew agent at Frankfort, and a Russian banker at Odessa. She speculated in grain; she gambled on the Paris Bourse; she had managed to get up an understanding with Rothschild; she held preference shares in all the Indian railways; she was on confidential terms with Lesseps.

This chatter was of course limited to the furthest outsiders. Her intimates shrugged their shoulders, and hoped "dear Lady Elton would not be led away by the lure of high interest;" and her sedate brother-in-law, who held her in high esteem, solemnly deplored her refusal to permit Steenson and Gregg to guide her in the way she should go—financially.

Lady Elton, who heard a good deal of this gossip, laughed, and said that, thank heaven! she could afford to pay for her bread and cheese.

It was a bright spring morning when Mrs. Frere and her girls arrived at Lady Elton's abode; there was a fair amount of blue sky and sunshine; the lilacs were peeping forth, and the water-carts spreading temporary freshness. Hawkers were going about with small flower-gardens on their heads, making quiet streets ring

again with the cry of "All a-growin' and a-blowin'!" and Grosvenor Place had decked its balconies and window-sills with a wealth of sweet, many-colored blossoms.

There was the indescribable quiver of renewed life in human as well as vegetable sap, and even Grace, in spite of her disappointment and bitter self-commune, felt gay and more hopeful.

"Why, mother dear! this is like a French house," she exclaimed joyfully, as they entered a large hall, and her eye was caught by an oak key-rack, with a range of pigeon holes beneath, on the opposite wall.

"It is, indeed," replied Mrs. Frere with a sigh.

"Lady Elton, ma'am?" said the hall-porter, in answer to Grace's inquiries; "third floor, ma'am, right-hand side."

The door to Lady Elton's apartments was opened by an elderly, dark-eyed, soft-mannered Italian, once her travelling-servant, now her majordomo, her right hand and prime minister.

He ushered them through a dim, but prettily arranged passage, faintly illuminated by a borrowed light, and having at the end a bank of ferns, kept green and fresh by the constant spray of a diminutive fountain, which made a pleasant, cooling murmur, and looked picturesque when lit up in the evening. A door on the left opened into a well-proportioned room, from which a large, arched opening, draped with crimson curtains, led into another and more spacious drawing-room.

Her progress through these rooms was like the revelation of another world to Grace. Hitherto, furniture was to her half-awakened sense but chairs and tables, curtains and carpets, pianos, and, in the more exalted order of things, cabinets and flower-vases. Here, these every-day necessities of ordinary humanity had developed into an expression of taste, habit, and individuality, beyond anything she had ever imagined, even with the help of elaborate descriptions in the few modern novels which had come within her ken. Inexperienced as she was, Grace felt in a dim, instinctive way, as they followed the noiseless steps of their conductor, that she could read something of Lady Elton herself in the arrangement, form, color, and ornamentation of her charming rooms.

Soft grey and crimson predominated. The neutral tint of the walls was relieved by water-color drawings of no mean merit. The curtains were of grey and

crimson cretonne; the cabinets were of various kinds, ebony inlaid with ivory, of Venetian workmanship, marquetry, and grey maple; quaint corner cupboards, lined with crimson velvet, and full, not crowded, with delicate china, curious Japanese enamels, rare bits of carved ivory; the niches contained vases or dishes of Palissy or other choice ware; tables with lace-bordered covers; chairs of every imaginable shape, suited to every sort of occupation; rich, soft-colored squares of Persian carpet lying before the sofas and larger chairs, on the dark polished parquet; the looking-glasses sunk in the wall, or lightly framed in brown polished wood, delicately carved—the whole full of perfume from the flowers which were everywhere, in baskets, jardinières, vases, and a whole bed against the wide lofty looking-glass at the end of the first room, where, among a crowd of graceful, broad-leaved oriental plants, stood a beautiful statue of Ariadne, in white marble.

The contents of these rooms conveyed an idea of personal treasures, each dear to the owner for some special reason, and not supplied by any "well-known firm" of fashionable reputation.

The last notion suggested was costliness; and yet Lady Elton's rooms were costly, with a costliness that money could not supply. At Uncle Frere's the solid splendor almost made you look for fringes of sovereigns, like the decorations of coin which Egyptian women bestow upon their hair and head-dresses. Here was something more than "regardlessness of expense."

"How lovely!" murmured Mrs. Frere, glancing round.

Grace did not speak, her admiration was too great; and in it there was not a tinge of the depression which often darkens our contemplation of beauty far above, out of our reach.

Beyond the two reception-rooms was a third smaller apartment, darker and more subdued in coloring, fitted with amber brocade and brown velvet. Here were books of every description, new and old; curiosities, toys, bronzes, statuettes, vases of flowers. The only light was a very large bay or oriel window (the house occupied a corner), with a balcony beyond, from which two busy streets and the tops of the trees in the Park might be seen.

Lady Elton was sitting at a writing-table of carved walnut wood, a feminine edition of the regular library table; and beside her stood a cane or basket work-table

overflowing with bright-colored crewels, while several newspapers, foreign and domestic, lay upon the carpet. She wore a rich, dull black silk, with cuffs and cravate of heavy foreign white lace, and a "Charlotte Corday" cap of the same adorned with a deep-red bow.

"So glad to see you!" she said, coming forward quickly to welcome Mrs. Frere. "I had just begun to hope nothing had happened to prevent your coming. Miss Frere, London has not robbed you of your color yet;" for Grace was slightly flushed with the pleasurable excitement of the visit. "And Mab! little Mab! have you left all yours in your wild west?"

"She never had much," said her mother.

"I was sorry to have missed you," continued Lady Elton, "but at the hour one usually calls, every one is out."

The few minutes which ensued passed in the ordinary beginnings of conversation, and then luncheon was announced. It was served in a moderately-sized but handsome dining-room, admirably and appropriately furnished; yet light, agreeable and suggestive of French cookery rather than the "roast beef of old England."

"Let Mab sit next to me," said their hostess, with a kindly smile. "I have an idea I like children, but I have seen so little of them, I scarcely know."

"They are most interesting and lovable," returned Mrs. Frere, accepting some roast sweetbread from the gentle Luigi, who waited upon the party with tender alacrity and watchful interest.

"They are sometimes very provoking too," remarked Grace, with a smile.

"Let me send you a little cold lamb; or will you try the curry, Miss Frere?" said Lady Elton, while Luigi with an impressive air placed a mysteriously thick plate, with a beautifully bright silver cover over it, before Mab, uncovered it, and displayed a picturesquely brown mutton-chop with a proper modicum of gravy.

"I am told children of tender years are always fed on mutton, especially chops," said Lady Elton, looking at Mrs. Frere; "so I hope Mab will find hers good."

"You are most thoughtful," replied Mrs. Frere, smiling, while Grace laughed merrily, and Mabel said civilly, but with much decision, —

"Thank you! I do not like chops, but I will take some sweetbread now, and a little curry afterwards."

"Mabel, my dear!" began mamma reprovingly.

"Pray, my dear Mrs. Frere," interposed Lady Elton, "let the little creature exercise her natural proclivities. Her nature, allowed to develop without needless pressure, may teach *you* as much as you can teach her."

"Perhaps so, but she is naturally disposed to eat things which disagree with her," replied Mrs. Frere.

"It is a great pity children have not the instinct of the lower animals, which preserves them, I believe, from unsuitable food," said Lady Elton thoughtfully; while Luigi, at a sign from his mistress, removed the despised chop and substituted a considerable supply of rich brown sweetbread, with new potatoes and sea-kale *ad libitum*.

"Have you seen Max since we met?" asked Lady Elton, as Luigi removed their plates, and placed the cream, jelly, and gooseberry fool within reach of the *convives* before he retired.

"No, we have not," replied Mrs. Frere.

"He said he would come on Sunday, and he never came," put in Mabel, in an injured voice.

"Cousin Max has a great deal to do," urged Grace.

"He has," said Lady Elton thoughtfully. "Max is rather peculiar: he is very clever. I always feel as if there were depths in Max I cannot sound, which is a little humiliating to an aunt and an elder — eh, Mrs. Frere? They may only be shallow holes shrouded in mist, such as one meets with on mountain-sides on a cloudy day," she added with a smile.

"It is the less humiliating theory of the two," said Grace softly and thoughtfully; she was deeply interested in and gratified by Lady Elton's observations. Max was then remarkable, even in the estimation of an experienced woman of the world like Lady Elton.

"I always found Max very pleasant and well-bred, but I never remarked anything about him different from other young men. I must say, though of course it may be a mother's prejudice, I do not think he has as much ability as my Randal — certainly he has not for literature," remarked Mrs. Frere, shaking her head with an air of reluctant but profound conviction.

"Indeed!" said Lady Elton politely; "is your son engaged in any profession or especial line of study? I wish you had brought him with you to-day. He seemed very charming — like you, my dear Mrs. Frere, but with gleams of his father. I had the pleasure of knowing Colonel

Frere — oh! thirty-two or thirty-three years ago, before he was married."

"You knew papa?" cried Grace, her eyes sparkling. "Was he not nice and delightful?"

"He was," replied Lady Elton, with a kindly look and some emphasis. "But to return to your brother: is he going into the army, or to the bar, or into business?"

"Indeed, Lady Elton," began Mrs. Frere, delighted to find a listener on this vexed question, "it is a matter of great anxiety to me how to direct Randal. Circumstances over which I had no control — not the least — prevented his being trained for any profession; regularly prepared, I mean, for he has really studied a great deal, and is full of information, but his own ideas are not settled. We are not rich enough for the army or the bar; and as to business, he is quite averse, and — and — you must allow it would be painful to have one's only son a clerk!"

"I do not exactly see that," returned Lady Elton thoughtfully; "beginners cannot cut in as one can at whist, they must begin at the beginning. You would not mind his being the head of a great firm? and generals must first be subalterns."

"Yes, dear Lady Elton; but to sit all day at a desk among men who are — well — not gentlemen!"

"A good many are, Mrs. Frere. To be sure, I have always been mixed up with mercantile people: there is our brother-in-law, not fascinating, but fairly well-bred; then my husband was only a remove or two from the counting-house, and 'the scent of the roses hung round him still,' though he was a good fellow and a gentleman *au fond*. Your son might do worse; and if he has a touch of literary genius, it does not much matter what foundation he builds upon."

"Well, I am no great judge myself. I wish you could see some of his productions, Lady Elton, if it would not give you too much trouble to read them, for his hand is *not* very legible; but at present he has left them with a literary friend, Mr. Halkett, a very well-known man, I believe, who hopes to get them published for him."

"Ah!" exclaimed Lady Elton, slightly taken aback by this startling proposition, "one can never form any opinion about MS. poems, unless you are a professional reader, accustomed to hieroglyphics of every description. I know something of the literary world, and as I do hope you will look on me as a friend, let me speak as one. Poems are not marketable: even

good prose is almost a drug. So young and inexperienced a man as your son cannot possibly have any 'wares' to offer that can compete with the craftsmen who are in constant work. Let him look about him, and study and ponder; by-and-by he may make a most successful literary venture."

"I feel you are right," said Grace. "I have thought so for some time, only I could not put my thoughts into shape as you do, and no one would listen to me if I could."

Lady Elton smiled, and helped Mabel to more cream.

"You know," Grace went on, with heightened color, for she felt impelled to grasp their hostess's proffered friendship with both hands while she feared to presume upon her kindness, "my mother is very — terribly anxious to get Randal something to do; it is of the greatest importance. And as he seems not properly educated for the army, or appointments, don't you think it was foolish to refuse Uncle Frere's offer to take him into his office?"

"Did he refuse?" asked Lady Elton, opening her eyes. "I have not seen Max or his father since we met at their house. Yes! it was very foolish indeed."

"Oh, Lady Elton!" cried Grace, clasping her hands, "do forgive me if I ask too much; but *would* you mind seeing Randal, and speaking to him? He thinks you so wise and delightful, and a woman of the world, which he is always, telling mamma and me we are *not*. He would listen to what you say, and it would be such a help."

Lady Elton looked at the eager face and wistful eyes of the speaker with a somewhat sad expression in her own, whilst Mrs. Frere observed, —

"Really, my dear Grace, I fear you are taking a great liberty."

"Child!" said Lady Elton, as if forgetting there was any one else present, "are you trying to play providence to your family at eighteen?"

"But, Lady Elton," urged Grace, now blushing to the roots of her hair, for she thought their hostess meant rebuke, "we are *all* so strange and lonely. We have come out of such a remote, quiet, peaceful retreat, that even the dear mother forgets what the world is like; and we must all try to do our best: even I — I must try to be like eight-and-twenty, not eighteen, if I could."

"If! but what an if! Yes, dear, I will see and talk with your brother. He

rather pleases me. I am engaged all to-morrow, and the day after, but I will write and ask him to luncheon; I shall not forget."

"May I get down and go look at the flowers in the next room, and out on the balcony?" asked Mabel, having reached the limits of her discursive appetite.

"Yes, certainly; go, my love, only I should feel obliged if you will abstain from turning over my writing-table."

"Oh, Lady Elton!" cried Mrs. Frere, a little hurt, "Mabel would never think of such a thing."

"She is not mischievous," added Grace, "only impatient and idle, poor child! It is very hard for her to be shut up in our tiny lodging, after the free life she has had."

"I dare say she would be happier at school," said Lady Elton kindly.

"I cannot say I approve of schools — boarding-schools particularly," returned Mrs. Frere coldly.

"And I do not see how we can possibly pay for her education, even the simplest," said Grace, with great candor, feeling irresistibly drawn to speak openly to this strong, sympathetic woman.

"Grace! you really should not obtrude our private affairs on Lady Elton. I fear she will think you terribly rustic."

"Believe me, I accept her confidence in the same spirit with which she gives it, Mrs. Frere. Come, shall we go into my writing-room? (I cannot bear the term *boudoir*.) I can quite imagine the change from so delightful a residence as Max describes Dungar to be, to a small London lodging, must be depressing and miserable; but we will hope for better times. Why not, when you have settled your son, Mrs. Frere, go abroad — to Germany or Italy? I prefer Italy; life is cheaper and easier there, and education also."

"I know that," said Mrs. Frere sadly. "I have spent many happy days on the Continent, especially in the south of France; but I feel as if I never could go so far away, or find the means to do so."

"It is not so costly if you know how to set about it," returned Lady Elton, leading the way into her private sitting-room. And here the conversation turned on her ladyship's travels and Continental experiences, illustrated by photographs and art specimens from various localities known to fame. The books which were lying about were overhauled, and some matters of which they treated discussed. In short, a delightful and, to Grace, most

instructive hour passed only too quickly; and then the carriage was announced.

When seated therein, the coachman was ordered to drive down the Thames Embankment, back through Piccadilly and the Park. After the second round of that famed enclosure, Lady Elton said she was obliged to dine with some friends to go to the opera; so the horses' heads were turned to Camden Hill.

At parting, Lady Elton pressed Grace's hand, and said in a low, almost caressing, voice, "I must see more of you," which sent Grace in, highly elated, to the sordid little parlor, where the smell of some minced mutton preparing for Randal's tea-supper was only too perceptible.

The day and its enjoyments had sent a thrill of life and hope through our heroine's veins, such as they had not known since her arrival in London; and she deposited three or four books, lent her by her new friend, upon the unsteady little chiffonier, with a heart full of thankfulness and silent resolve to be brave and helpful, to stamp out morbid longings, and to make the best of the materials which fortune had left her.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE ORIGIN OF LONDON.

WALKING the other day down Fleet Street, while the griffin which marks the former site of Temple Bar was still a passing object of public curiosity, I stopped for a minute to have a good look at that poor, underfed, attenuated brute — so unpromising a representative of civic hospitality — and to take his bearings as the last relic of the material barriers that once separated the city of London from that outer ring which Mr. Freeman will not allow us to call the metropolis. As I turned away from him westward, and pursued my course along the Embankment, my thoughts naturally reverted to the time when the city stood as a visible and distinct entity, surrounded by walls, and girt beyond them with fenny marshes and green fields; while the grey towers of the Abbey which I saw in the distance, half hidden by the modern overgrowth of the Parliament House, were still the centre of the separate village of Westminster, divided from the great town by the long stretch of swampy river-bank which we even yet call the Strand. Looking back at that merchant republic of London, and forward to the royal and

imperial borough, the capital of England — Westminster — the question forced itself upon me vividly, why should there be any town here at all, and why should that town be the largest in the world? We are all so accustomed to take London for granted, that we hardly realize at first how extremely complex the question really is. That there should not be a London, or that it should not be just where it is and what it is, seems to us at the present day almost inconceivable. Yet there are a great many questions mixed up in the origin of London which it might be well worth our while to disentangle, and, if possible, to answer. Let us begin by dividing the problem into its two very distinct halves, and after that we may attempt the minor subdivisions separately.

First of all, there is the question, why should there be a great town about the spot where the city now stands? And secondly, there is the question, why should the capital of the United Kingdom and of the British empire be at Westminster? These two questions are quite distinct; and the fact presupposed in the one is quite different from the fact presupposed in the other. Even if the political centre of the empire had happened to be at York or Edinburgh, at Winchester or Lichfield, there must have been a considerable commercial town about the point up to which the Thames continues to be navigable for ocean-going vessels; and even if there had been no great river in the neighborhood of Westminster, a considerable administrative and fashionable town must have grown up around the court and the Houses of Parliament. As a matter of fact, the metropolis consists of two great towns rolled into one, and each of them adding importance to the other: London, the largest seaport in the kingdom; and Westminster, the political capital of the kingdom. But that they might easily have existed separately from one another we can see by going no further from home than to Edinburgh and Glasgow; while we get the separation even more clearly accentuated in the case of New York and Washington.

Then, besides these greater questions, there are a number of minor questions mixed up with the present greatness of the metropolis. Paris is the capital of a larger and a more populous state than London, yet it is not quite half the size. Of course it will be objected that Paris is not a seaport, but merely an administrative, legal, ecclesiastical, commercial,

and literary centre. True, but Marseille is the greatest seaport of France, and Lyon the greatest manufacturing town of France; yet Paris, Marseille, and Lyon, put together, do not make up two-thirds of London. Again, we may grant that there must have been a modern city where London now stands, even if there had never been one till late in the eighteenth century; just as a great city necessarily grew up at Liverpool as soon as the cotton of America required a port of entry in the neighborhood of the rich Lancashire and Yorkshire coal district, and as soon as a port of exit was required in return for the towns of Manchester, Blackburn, Wigan, Bolton, Burnley, Middleton, Oldham, Rochdale, Leeds, Bradford, Wakefield, Barnsley, and Sheffield, which sprang up above that very coal. But why was there a relatively important town of London in mediæval times, in early English times, and in Roman times? Questions like this can only be answered by making a regular historical survey of the causes which led to the existence of London.

In new countries, we can easily guess why towns grow up in one place rather than another, because the causes which produced them are still in action. We see at once how such a harbor as that of New York necessarily attracts to itself almost all the import trade of America; how Chicago, situated at the deepest bend of Lake Michigan, in the very centre of the finest corn-growing country of the world, naturally becomes the port of shipment for the surplus grain of that fertile level; how Cincinnati was predestined to be the metropolis of pork; and how New Orleans inevitably collects all the cotton of the Mississippi basin. So, too, a glance at the position of Montreal shows us that it must of necessity be the commercial capital of Canada; and a first view of Melbourne sufficiently reveals why it is the one great town of Australia. But in older countries, the causes which led to the existence of cities are often more difficult to discover, because the circumstances have since changed so widely. It is not easy on the first blush to guess why Paris should have gathered around two muddy islets in the Seine, or why Rome arose upon two low hills which swell up slightly from the malarious levels of the Campagna. A hasty mind might fancy that such towns were purely capricious or accidental in their origin. But, if we look the question fairly in the face, we cannot fail to see that definite

reasons must always have induced men to aggregate around one spot rather than another. No town, no village, no single house even, ever arises without a sufficient cause pre-existing for its exact place and nature. Whenever a man takes up his abode anywhere, he does so because he finds life easier there than in any other accessible spot.

Apparently, the very first London was a Welsh village — an Ancient British village, the history books would say — which crowned the top of Ludgate Hill, near where St. Paul's now stands. The old Welsh, who owned Britain before the English took it, were a race half hunters, half cultivators, as Cæsar tell us. In his time, the Britons of the south-eastern country, which consists of open cultivable plains, were tillers of the soil; while those of the hilly north-west were still pastoral nomads, or savage hunters, dwelling in movable villages, and having mere empty forts on the hilltops, to which the whole population retreated with their cattle in case of invasion. These *duns*, or hill-forts, still exist in numbers over all England, and are generally known as "British camps." Such names as Sino-dun, Brendon, and Wimbledon still preserve their memory; while we are familiar with the Latinized form in Camalodunum, Moridunum, and Branodunum. Dunedin, Dunbar, Dundee, and Dunkeld, give us Scottish forms of like implication. *Down* and *dune* survive as modified modern words from the same root. As a rule, the syllables *dun* and *don* in place-names are sure indications of an old hill-fort. The "castles" or rude earthworks which crown almost every height among the South Downs and the western hills are the last remains of these old Welsh strongholds. Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, and the earthworks at Cissbury, Silchester, and Ogbury, are familiar instances.

Even before the Romans came, however, the river valleys of the south-east of Britain were inhabited by agricultural tribes, with fixed habitations and considerable towns. There are two great basins in England which have always possessed the highest agricultural importance: the one is that of the Thames, the other that of the Yorkshire Ouse. So long as England remained mainly an agricultural country, the two greatest cities of the land were the respective centres of these basins, London and York. And there has been more than one moment in our history when it might have seemed doubtful which was to become

ultimately the capital of the whole kingdom.

Now, what made London the centre of the Thames valley? for that of course was the first step towards making it the metropolis of the British empire. Well, the Welsh tribe which inhabited the lower part of the valley must have originally needed a *dun* like all their neighbors. But there are not many conspicuous hills in the flat basin of the Thames between Richmond and the sea; and Ludgate Hill was perhaps the best that the Trinobantes of Middlesex could get. To be sure, it could not compare with the *dun* at Edinburgh, at Dumbarton, or at Stirling; but it was high enough to make a natural fort, and it stood just above the point where the tide is distinctly felt. Thus, as the old Welsh became gradually more and more civilized, a regular town grew up around the low *dun*, and bore from the very first its modern name of London, for no name in England has altered so little with the wear and tear of centuries. It was not without natural advantages of situation; for a belt of marshes girt it round on every side, from the estuary of the Lea and the Finsbury flats to the Fleet River and London Fen, where the Strand now stretches. In the interval between Caius Cæsar's abortive attempt upon Britain, and the reduction of the south coast under Claudius, we know that a considerable trading town developed around the old village. Cunobelin, whose coins of Roman type are still found from Norwich and Chester to Kent, had his palace at the neighboring station of Camalodunum; but London was the centre of such rude trade as yet existed. Trackways still traceable radiated thence all over the eastern counties and the south coast, where the traffic with Gaul was already important.

It is a great advantage to merchants and shippers to ascend a navigable river as far as possible into the centre of the country, because they have thus the largest circle of customers for their goods; and this is especially important in early stages of civilization, when means of land transport are deficient. Accordingly we see that in early times a great town is to be found at the head of navigation of every great river. If we take the map of England, we shall notice that almost all the chief old county towns, such as Leicester, Gloucester, and York, are so situated. At a later date, we get almost direct seaports, like Glasgow, Liverpool, and Bristol; but in a primitive culture

these ports would be far less useful, as well as less defensible, than those which stand on rivers running far inland, and so command a whole circle of country, instead of a mere semicircle, as is the case with coastwise towns. We must remember that railways have wholly revolutionized the carrying trade in this respect; but the importance of canals before the introduction of the railway system shows clearly how necessary was a good waterway for a commercial town. Now, the Thames is navigable for a further distance from the sea than any other river in England, and its valley, as we have already seen, is one of the most valuable agricultural districts. Here then, we have the very conditions necessary for the rise of a commercial town; and even at this early period—as soon, in fact, as traffic with Gaul began at all—there must have been such a commercial town where London now stands. The site bears the same relation to the Thames that Montreal bears to the St. Lawrence. Moreover, the river points eastward towards the Continent; and this, though a slight disadvantage at the present day, when our trade lies mostly outward with America, India, China, and the colonies, was an advantage when trade lay wholly with Gaul and the south. Thus it happens that all throughout the Middle Ages our ports and commercial cities were all on the east and south coast, or the rivers which flowed towards them; while at present Glasgow, Liverpool, and Bristol on the west are far more important than Hull, Sunderland, and Newcastle on the east.

For these reasons, therefore, even in the half-savage realm of Cunobelin, London was the chief commercial town. We must not, however, think of it as a town in the modern sense: we must rather figure it to ourselves as a stockaded village of rude huts, with its central hill-fort, not much more civilized than the King Bonny's Town or King Long's Town of western Africa in our own time. The adventurous merchants from Gaul or further south who ascended the river to trade with the natives would get as far as London, where already (so Dio Cassius tells us) a primitive wooden London Bridge—doubtless a mere foot-rail for wayfarers—blocked their further passage up the unknown stream. Here they would traffic with the native dealers, who in turn would despatch the foreign manufactured goods of the great southern civilization to every point of the compass along the rough

trackways. We must see in it all a picture much like that of our own pioneers in the South Seas, or central Africa, taking the red cotton of Manchester, or the glass beads of Venice, and receiving in return the raw products, ivory or palm oil, of the savage land. That, I take it, is how the city of London began to be.

When the Romans conquered Britain, the aspect of affairs changed a little. The conquerors turned the island into an agricultural exporting country, a subsidiary granary for the crowded southern cities which already devoured all the corn of Egypt and the Black Sea. So Britain was to Rome much what America is to modern England. And just as the most important wheat-growing parts of America consist of the St. Lawrence and northern Mississippi basin, so the most important wheat-growing parts of Roman Britain consisted of the valley of the Ouse and the valley of the Thames. But of these two the great plain of York, formed by the tributaries of the Ouse and draining into the Humber, is certainly the largest and most fruitful. Hence, for Roman purposes, York was the principal town of the island, and the Romans erected there their provincial capital of Eboracum. Even when two prefects were appointed, the southern usually had his station, not at Londinium, but at Verulamium, or St. Albans. London, however, must have largely increased in commercial importance none the less, though officially slighted; for as the trade with the Roman world grew larger, traffic must have come more and more to the mouth of the Thames. Indeed, the great number of well-known stations in the neighborhood—Verulam, Camalodunum, Rhutupiæ, Dubris, and others—sufficiently shows that the Thames valley and the direct road to the Continent were of immense value. All the main Roman roads converged on London because the river could there be crossed; and these roads became the framework for the whole carrying system of England, till canals and railways revolutionized the highways of the country. The Roman remains occasionally dug up in the city show that Londinium was a place of some pretensions. It was probably even then the largest town in Britain. Perhaps its population may already have amounted to as many as twelve or fifteen thousand souls.

We must pass rapidly, however, over these earlier stages of its history, and come on to the time when Britain changed its face and became known as England.

The details of the English conquest and colonization are so vague and mythical that we know absolutely nothing about the fate of London in the great revolution which handed over Britain from the Romanized and Christianized Welsh to the savage and heathen English pirates. The narrative of the Chronicle mentions the city but once, and that was when Hengst and Æsc—the Horse and his son the Ash-tree—fought with the Britons at Crayford; “the Britons then forsook Kent-land, and with mickle awe fled to Lunden-bury.” They would find themselves safe behind the walls of the Roman municipium. Of the actual conquest of the city we have no record at all; a loss for which we can console ourselves by the consideration that, even if we had one, it would be of no historical value whatsoever. The annals of the “Anglo-Saxons” before the arrival of Augustine are for the most part a mere fabulous tissue of heroic genealogies, distorted heathen legends, bad philology, and old myths fitted to new persons and places. But one fact we do know with certainty: that at some time or other a band of English pirates, belonging to the Saxon tribe, settled down around London, and that from their settlement the surrounding country has ever since borne the name of Middlesex.* We can even trace the actual clans or families which made themselves homesteads in the neighboring lands. The Peadings settled at Paddington, the Kensingas at Kensington, the Billings at Billingsgate, the Ealings at Ealing, the Harlings at Harlington, the Islings at Islington, the Tædings at Teddington, the Wappings at Wapping, and the Nottings at Notting Hill. Just south of the river, too, on the Surrey shore, we find traces of the Kennings at Kennington, and the Niwings at Newington. Thus the city is girt round on every side by obvious colonies of English pirates.

But did the English sack and burn “Lunden-bury” itself, and utterly massacre the Welsh inhabitants? For my part, I can never believe it. We have numberless bits of evidence which go to prove that the inhabitants of the Romanized towns made their peace with the English barbarians, and bought themselves off from the fate which overtook a few of the stubborn coastwise ports. The Welsh records are

full of complaints against the Lloegrians of the towns who “became as Saxons.” The early English colonists, we know, were not a people of merchants; they were simply savage soldiers on the war-trail, who settled down slowly after the conquest into farmers and landowners. They avoided the old towns, which always bear their original Celtic or Roman names, and are never called after English clans, like the modern villages now grown into great trading communities, such as Birmingham and Warrington. The Chronicle tells us expressly that “Ælle and Cissabeset Anderida, and offslaw all that were therein, nor was there after one Briton left alive.” But if tradition kept up the memory of the fate which befell this comparatively unimportant fortress, Pevensey—doubtless because it resisted the invaders too stoutly, trusting to its Roman walls—is it credible that it should have quite forgotten the sack of London, the largest and richest town in the whole country? In later days we know historically that the Londoners bought themselves off, time after time, from the Danish pirates; and they probably did the same with the earlier English pirates as well. It seems to me most likely that numbers of English settled in and around London; that a petty English king ruled over it; and that English soon became the ordinary language of the town: but I believe that many Romanized Welsh merchants still continued to live and trade there, that the urban mob passed quietly into the condition of English churls, and perhaps even that Christianity in a debased form lingered on among the inferior people till the arrival of Augustine. It is a significant fact that we never hear of the conversion of Middlesex. On the other hand, the Anglicized Welsh of London may well have become pagans to suit the taste of their conquerors, just as the Christians of southern Spain became Mohammedans under the Moors, while the Moors again became Christians under the Castilian kings. Language and religion tell us very little as to blood and race.

However all this may be, it is at least certain that London still remained the most important commercial town under the English, as it had been under the Romans. Yet it did not then bid fair to become the capital of the future consolidated kingdom. We have two English archbishops, whose titles and provinces date back to the earliest days of Christianity among the English, and they have

* Territorially, London itself was in Essex, though it was usually ruled by Mercia. Only the drainage of the estuary of the Lea (now the Isle of Dogs), which was made part of Middlesex, caused London to be surrounded by that doubtful county.

their cathedrals at York and Canterbury respectively. But there has never been an archbishop of London. Why is this? Well, Canterbury was the capital of Æthelberht of Kent, the overlord of the whole south, and the first Christian English king; and Augustine himself bore the title. York was the capital of Eadwine of Northumbria, the overlord of the whole north; and Paulinus was the first archbishop. But London was not yet the capital of a large kingdom at all; it lay, like a sort of Berwick-upon-Tweed, in the debatable ground between Kent, Surrey, Essex, and Wessex. Hence, like the other minor kingdoms, it had only a bishop, who was originally the bishop of a people; not an archbishop, who was originally set beside the central overlord, as chief bishop of the whole community. When England slowly consolidated into the three main divisions which still subsist so markedly, Northumbria, Mercia, and Wessex—the North, the Midlands, and the South—King Offa of Mercia set up his own archbishop at Lichfield; but Mercia was a short-lived power, and the South opposed the innovation; so only the two older titles and provinces have survived to our own day.

And what made London the final capital of Wessex? For Wessex had at first more than one capital, its kings living sometimes at Dorchester on the Thames (near Oxford), and sometimes at Winchester, the old Roman town which commanded the rich valleys of the Itchin and the Test. We must remember that royal towns are more apparently capricious than commercial centres. Wherever a king chooses to reside, he can gather his administrative bodies around him; but trade will only go where trade pays. Louis XIV. could make or unmake a Versailles; but he could not make or unmake a Havre or a Lyon. Yet great towns have often grown up around mere king-made centres, because their situation was at least as good as any other. Paris itself largely owes its existence to the fact that its counts became by slow degrees kings of all France. Berlin owes still more to the luck and the perseverance of the Hohenzollerns. St. Petersburg exists mainly because Peter willed it. Yet all these towns have also advantages of their own. Laon could never have been what Paris is: Moscow, isolated in the midst of a boundless plain, could never have become like St. Petersburg on its navigable river. The ridiculous failure of Washington shows one

that a mere administrative centre will not of itself attract population, unless there are commercial advantages in its very situation. Still, the royal initiative counts for much; and London would never have been all that it actually is if Northumbria or Mercia had become the leading State in England, instead of Wessex. In either of those cases, we might have had an administrative capital at York or Lichfield, and a commercial capital at London. Our Edinburgh and our Glasgow might have been separated, as they now are in Scotland. Indeed, in early English days, Northumbria still retained the same position of supremacy as in Roman times, and for the same reason—because the plain of Humber is the most important agricultural tract in Britain. York was then the real capital of England; and even as late as the reign of Charles I. it remained the second city in the kingdom. That was why members of the royal family so often bore the title of Duke of York.

The Danish invasions, however, made the house of Wessex the representative English dynasty; and London became slowly the capital of Wessex. The north was left hopelessly behind; and the capital of Wessex became in turn the capital of England. Not that it was ever acknowledged suddenly as such, or that a capital in our modern sense was possible at all. The king kept court now at one place, now at another. The Witenagemot, and afterwards the Parliament, met sometimes at Oxford, sometimes at London. Winchester remained the royal minster and residence till Edward the Confessor built Westminster. Even after the Conquest, William of Normandy still wore his crown "on Eastertide at Winchester, on Pentacost at Westminster, and on Midwinter at Gloucester." But from the days of Alfred onward, we can see that London becomes more and more the real centre of English life, and the administrative capital of the kingdom. Though royal personages were buried at Winchester, they lived in London. During the Danish wars, the great town grew more and more important, both in a military and commercial sense; and it became ever more necessary that national councils should be held there. Under Canute, London had become pretty certainly the real capital. From year to year, as we read the English Chronicle, we can note that the city was growing constantly in size and political power. Long before the Norman Conquest, it was evidently by far the most important town in England.

Its walls enclosed a considerable area; and on the Surrey side its suburb of Southwark — the southern work or defence — already formed a large centre round the *tête du pont*. The space within the street called London Wall marks the boundary of the old city.

Edward the Confessor, however, put the final stamp of royalty upon London by building his "new minster" on Thorney Island, near Westminster. Before his day, all English kings had been buried at Winchester. Edward himself was buried in his new Abbey, and so have been almost all his successors, except those early Normans and Angevins who preferred their own ancestral resting-places at Cæn and Fontevraud. The Confessor's Abbey and William Rufus's palace made Westminster the real royal borough, much as Windsor became under the later Plantagenets. Of course the new quarter on Thorney Island was still a separate village, divided from London by the Strand; but the proximity of the city increased the importance of both. Winchester, however, even now retains one mark of its former royal connection. There are only three English bishops who take precedence of their brethren apart from seniority of appointment: and those three are the Bishop of London, the new capital; the Bishop of Winchester, the old capital; and the former prince-bishop of Durham, the county palatine, which formed the mark against the Scots, and where alone, as at Sion and so many other Swiss or German towns, the fortified episcopal palace castle still rises opposite the great cathedral.

The Norman Conquest itself marks another critical epoch in the history of London. For that conquest really decided the whole future relations of England with the Continent. From the days of Swegen and Canute, Britain had been, more or less, a mere dependency of Scandinavia and Denmark. Even during the reign of Edward the Confessor, it had looked northward as much as southward; for though the king himself was thoroughly Norman at heart, and filled the highest offices with Normans whenever he was able, Godwin and his sons were Danish rather than English in sentiment and interests; and the revolution which restored them to power and finally placed Harold on the throne, was at bottom the revival of a Danish party. In fact, the only real question at the time of the Conquest was this — whether England should be ruled by Scandinavians from the north

or by Scandinavians from the south: by Harold of Norway or by William of Normandy. If Harold the Norwegian had conquered at Stamford Bridge, England would have been thrown into a great northern confederacy, and its natural capital would have been York, the Danish headquarters with its Humber mouth pointing straight towards the Scandinavian north. But the victory of the English Harold over the Norse Harold paved the way quietly for William, and William's success drew England for a hundred years into close connection with the Romance civilization of the opposite continent. Thus the north sank utterly in importance; Northumberland was turned into a waste, as a mark or boundary against the Scots; York became a mere provincial town, and London, Winchester, Canterbury, and the Cinque Ports remained steadily the centres of English administrative or commercial life. Lanfranc brought the Church into closer relation with Rome; while the Norman and Angevin kings, and the nobility whom they introduced, brought the whole country into closer relation with France and Flanders. Even when the Plantagenets had settled down into a thoroughly English dynasty, the effect of the new turn given to English life was still obvious. The trade encouraged by Edward I. was trade in wool with the Flemish cities, and trade in silk and wine with Paris and Bordeaux. The campaigns of Edward III. and Henry V. all turned towards the Seine and the Garonne. In short, by the Norman Conquest, England was wholly dis severed from her old connection with the Scandinavian barbarism, and made a member of the Romance civilization. And this change firmly established London as the natural commercial centre of the island all through the Middle Ages.

There is reason to believe that the population of England increased but very slowly in the interval between the Conquest and the Reformation. Though a little foreign trade sprang up under Edward I. and grew largely under the Yorkist kings, yet the country remained, as a whole, agricultural in habits, and so the people increased at a very slow rate. Nevertheless, London evidently grew far faster than in proportion to the growth elsewhere; for trade was naturally concentrated upon it, and the administrative needs of the settled Plantagenet kingdom were relatively far greater than those of the rude Saxon realm. As of old, all the roads radiated from London, for the start

given it by the Romans always made it the most convenient distributing centre in England. Yet all through the Middle Ages we may safely say that no fresh causes affected its growth. The accretion was but the natural development of its existing advantages. The reign of Elizabeth first introduced any new factors into the calculation. These new factors depended upon the westward movement. The discovery of America and of the new route to India by the Cape of Good Hope was revolutionizing the commerce and the civilization of the world. Up to the sixteenth century, the Mediterranean was still the centre of culture and traffic for all Christendom. The seventeenth century turned the course of both away from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. The importance which had once belonged to Rome, Florence, Venice, and Genoa, became transferred at once to Paris and London, and finally also to Liverpool, Glasgow, New York, and Philadelphia. It was this great revolution which really made England — and, by implication, London also — what it is.

England stands in a singularly favorable position for commerce, as soon as navigation has extended to the wide seas. It is an island, joined by water to every other country of the earth, instead of being isolated, like Germany and Austria, by blocks of land shutting it out from the universal highway of the sea. It has navigable rivers and splendid harbors pointing north, south, east, and west. Oddly enough, it occupies, with exact precision, the very central point in the hemisphere of greatest land; so that it is actually nearer all seaports in the world, taken together, than any other spot can possibly be. And at the moment when navigation of the wide seas became practicable, when new routes were opened to America and to the East, it happened to occupy the nearest position to the centres of the old trade and manufacture on the one hand, and to the fresh *El Dorados* on the others. Thus England almost necessarily became the colonizer of America and the conqueror of India. The Elizabethan outburst was, in fact, the immediate result of this new direction given to English enterprise. Hitherto, English merchants had traded to Flanders and to Bordeaux, or, as a long voyage, to the Mediterranean. Now, our Raleighs, Frobishers, and Drakes began exploring the whole round world, and our Roes commenced the Indian connection at the court of Ajmere. A single generation

stood between the Middle Ages and our own time. The England of Wolsey was almost mediæval; the England of Shakespeare, Raleigh, and Bacon was wholly modern. London began to grow rapidly from the very commencement of this new epoch, and it continued to grow uninterruptedly till the period of the next great change. One may trace the growth by the names of streets, from the Elizabethan Strand, through Restoration St. James's, to the Queen Anne district round Harley Street. By the time of Charles II., the difference in size between the capital and all the other towns of Britain seems to have been vastly greater than it had ever been before or since. In the early Middle Ages, York, Oxford, and Winchester were great towns not unworthy to be compared with the London of the same day; in our own time, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester have some pretensions in size, even when compared with the metropolis: but in the England of Charles II. London was first, and the rest were nowhere. There was as yet no reason why trade should seek any other main channel, and it still remained true to the old highways which radiated from the Thames. Without canals and railways, the great inland port was necessarily the best possible centre for commerce in the island.

The century which elapsed between 1750 and 1850, however, was fraught with the deepest danger for the supremacy of London; and though, in spite of the peril, it has still grown on with alarming rapidity, and has doubled its population with ever-increasing frequency, it may yet be fairly said that the comparative increase is not so large as during the earlier period. I am aware that statistics distinctly point the other way; but, then, the statistics are wooden, and do not take into account all the real elements of the problem. For the fact is, that London, while gaining absolutely at an enormous rate, has been losing comparatively by the side of a new order of towns, which have come into being as the result of another vast revolution, almost as important as the Elizabethan. This revolution has been brought about by the employment of coal, first in the smelting and manufacture of steel and iron, and afterwards through the use of the steam-engine in every kind of industrial pursuit. Even before the age of steam, Bristol had become a great western port through the influence of the West India sugar-trade. But steam was destined to change the traffic with the

colonies and America from a mere reception of tobacco and cotton to a great reciprocal trade in raw materials on the one hand, and manufactured goods on the other. We were to become the clothiers and ironmongers of the world. Coal and America, put together, have turned England round on a pivot from east to west. She used to point eastward, by Thames and Humber, towards the Continent; she now points westward, by Mersey, Clyde, and Avon, towards America and Australia. The south used to be the trading and manufacturing half, while the north was a wild grazing and agricultural country. Now the north is the trading and manufacturing part, while the south is mostly a succession of quiet rural districts. The great coal regions all lie west or north. On the Scotch coal-field stand Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock. On the Tyne collieries we find Newcastle, Shields, and Durham; while close at hand are Sunderland, Stockton, Darlington, Middlesbrough, and the Cleveland iron district. The Lancashire field encloses Manchester, Blackburn, Wigan, Bolton, St. Helens, Burnley, Middleton, Oldham, Rochdale, and Ashton. The cotton of America and the wool of Australia come to Liverpool, to be worked up either in this coal region or in that of the West Riding, which includes Leeds, Bradford, Wakefield, Barnsley, Sheffield, and Chesterfield. Nottingham and Derby hang upon its border, while Hull supplies it with an eastward outlet. On the midland coal bed stand Wolverhampton, Dudley, Wednesbury, Walsall, and Birmingham. Other carboniferous deposits occur in the crowded south Wales region, around Swansea and Merthyr Tydvil, as well as near Bristol. The influence of all this northern and western development must clearly detract so much, comparatively, from the relative importance of London. To put it plainly, London was once the very focus of national thought and industry, surrounded on every side by the most flourishing parts of the country; it is now isolated in the midst of the agricultural south, while Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and Glasgow form totally distinct and often antagonistic centres of political and industrial life in the north and the midlands. Without entering into the realms of politics, one may fairly say that the existence of a Manchester school or a Birmingham school has only been possible in the last fifty years, and has been rendered possible by this comparative isolation of the

capital in the agricultural south. The position has largely divorced the feelings of London from the feelings of the industrial centres.

Nevertheless, London has survived, and has grown more rapidly than ever. Coal and steam, which seemed to threaten her supremacy, have really strengthened it. Had there been no such things as railways, it might have been otherwise. The importance of Glasgow and Liverpool would then have largely increased, because there only can raw material be brought home to the very door of the coal-employed manufacturer. But railways have annihilated space so far as a small island like Britain is concerned, and the Thames has thus retained its original importance as a great navigable river, even as against the severe competition of the Clyde and the Mersey. There can be no doubt at all that the two western rivers possess greater natural advantages for trade in its present stage than does the Thames. They run nearer into the very heart of the coal-bearing and manufacturing tracts, and they are thus the natural ports for entry of all heavy raw materials, and for exportation of all cottons, woollen goods, and hardware. But the Thames still lies nearest to the greatest centre of population, the administrative capital, and the town home of all the landed aristocracy and wealthy classes generally. Hence, possessing such a harbor as London, it still manages to attract the largest tonnage of any seaport in the kingdom. It is true, cotton, wool, and raw materials generally are mostly landed elsewhere; piece-goods, broadcloths, hardware, and machinery are mostly shipped elsewhere; but for articles of immediate consumption, such as tea, corn, meat, cheese, eggs, butter, sugar, wine, and spirits, or for articles of luxury, such as silks, velvets, carpets, gloves, drapery, furs, and French and German products generally, it is by far the most important port in the country. The railways all converge upon it, and so make it the centre for the entire wholesale distributing trade of Great Britain. Thus the vast increase of English population and the vast development of English industry during the present century have caused London to grow with enormous rapidity, in spite of the immense diversion of many great branches of trade to the western ports. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that the position of London is now to some extent artificial, depending largely upon the railways, and upon its already established

greatness as an administrative centre and fashionable agglomeration of wealthy people. If there had been no old capital upon the Thames before the present century, it is doubtful whether the possession of its navigable river could have made London, under existing conditions, half as big as Glasgow actually is. Taken into consideration geographical position as regards the three kingdoms, and central site as regards trade, it may be said that, if Britain had now for the first time to choose a capital, its choice would naturally fall upon Manchester.

And now, before closing this necessarily imperfect sketch, let us ask briefly, What are the main elements which go to make up the population of London at the present day? First of all, then, taking them in natural, historical, and geographical order, there is the seafaring and shipping element, which congregates mainly around the Docks, Wapping, and the Tower district. This element, though the West End now knows and thinks little about it, is the one which gives rise to all the others. Then there is the great wholesale, commercial, importing, distributing, financial, stockbroking, and banking element which makes up the City. Next comes the legal and administrative class, which occupies the Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Chancery Lane, runs down the Strand by Somerset House, spreads over the greater part of Whitehall, and culminates in the Parliament Houses and the neighboring portion of Westminster. After that, we get the fashionable West End, from Mayfair and Belgravia to Kensington, Bayswater, and Notting Hill, with its retail shopping district around Regent Street and Oxford Street. Then comes the whole world of clerks and business *employés*, stretching in two great semicircles from Portland Town and Kentish Town to Islington and Dalston on the north; and again from Battersea and Clapham to Camberwell and Peckham on the south. Finally, there is the vast and unrecognized mass of artisans and working men, congregating chiefly in the east and south, but scattered up and down in slums and back quarters everywhere. Intermixed among these main divisions are many lesser ones, drawn naturally to London as the chief national centre: the worlds of literature, of journalism, of medicine, of art, of the theatre, of science, and, to some extent, of education; the cabmen, servants, and hangers-on of wealthy families; and a large industrial class engaged in the manufacture of

such articles as can be easily produced in the absence of coal-fields — the last, especially, to be found on the south side and in the suburbs. Of course so brief a list must necessarily include only the main headings; but it is sufficient to show us that London really consists of two towns rolled inextricably into one — a commercial seaport on the one hand, and an administrative capital on the other. In virtue of the first we get the shipping, the City, the manufacturers, and the artisan class; in virtue of the second we get the court, the Parliament, the West End, the retail shops, the official, legal, medical, literary, journalistic, artistic, and general professional society. And when we take into consideration all these things, side by side with the wide commerce, increasing population, and cosmopolitan interests of England, we see at once, I fancy, why London is bigger than Paris, or Berlin, or New York, or St. Petersburg. G. A.

From Chambers' Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HIGHLAND CENSUS.

My father was a well-to-do farmer in a Highland parish; and in the winter evenings, Peter M'Lauchlin used to be often at our house. Peter was a kind of local monarch in his way, and our parish was the kingdom over which he reigned with undisputed sovereignty. He combined in his particular person a variety of offices — approximated indeed to Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, "ten gentlemen rolled into one;" for he was schoolmaster, session-clerk, inspector of poor, land-measurer; was present at all sales, marriages, and funerals; and indeed on all important occasions Peter was chief man. This was thirty years ago; but I remember him well; and the approaching census of 1881 brings one or two of his stories to my recollection.

When the census came to be taken in 1851, Peter, of course, was intrusted with the work to be done in our parish. Although its inhabitants were widely scattered, many families living in lonely glens and far apart, Peter knew them all, and therefore he was the fittest man possible in the circumstances for the office. On the evening of that memorable day, as I can still remember, Peter paid us a visit. He knew my mother was hospitable, and he was fond of a chat with my father, and he liked his supper at our fireside. He

was full of stories about the census papers; and having got a hearty supper, he began by telling us the story of what he called "Old Ronaldson's Madness." He began:—

The first difficulty I experienced to-day was with Old Ronaldson. He was always a little queer, as old bachelors often are. Yesterday, as I left the census paper with him, he held the door in one hand while he took the paper from me with the other. I said I would call again for the paper. "Ye needn't trouble yourself!" said he in a very ill-natured tone. "I'll not be bothered with your papers." However, I did not mind him much; for I thought when he discovered that the paper had nothing to do with taxes, he would feel more comfortable, and that he would fill it up properly.

The only person whom Old Ronaldson allows near him is Mrs. Birnie; she goes and puts his house in order and arranges his washing; for Ronaldson, you know, is an old soldier; and although he has a temper, he is perfect in his dress, and most orderly in all his household arrangements. When Mrs. Birnie went in her usual way to his house this morning, the old gentleman was up and dressed; but he was in a terrible temper, flurried and greatly agitated.

"Good-morning, sir," said Mrs. Birnie — I had the particular words from her own lips — "Good-morning," said she; but Old Ronaldson, who was as a rule extremely polite to her, did not on this occasion reply. His agitation increased. He fumbled in his pockets; pulled out and in all the drawers of his desk; turned the contents of an old chest out on the floor—all the time accompanying his search with muttered imprecations, which at length broke out into a perfect storm.

Mrs. Birnie had often seen Mr. Ronaldson excited before, but she had never seen him in a state like this. At length he approached an old bookcase, and after looking earnestly about and behind it, he suddenly seized and pulled it towards him, when a lot of old papers fell on the floor, and a perfect cloud of dust filled the room. Mrs. Birnie stood dumfounded. At length the old gentleman, covered with dust, and perspiring with his violent exertions, sat down on the corner of his bed, and in a most wretched tone of voice said: "Oh, Mrs. Birnie, don't be alarmed, but I've lost my senses!"

"I was just thinking as much myself,"

said Mrs. Birnie; and off she ran to my house at the top of her speed. "Oh, Mr. M'Lauchlin," said she, "come immediately—come this very minute; for Old Ronaldson's clean mad. He's tearing his hair, and cursing in a manner most awful to hear; and worse than that—he's begun to tear down the house about himself. O sir, come immediately, and get him put in a strait-jacket."

Of course I at once sent for old Dr. Macnab, and asked him to fetch a certificate for an insane person with him. Now, old Dr. Macnab is a cautious and sensible man. His bald head and silvery hairs, his beautiful white neckcloth and shiny black coat, not to speak of his silver-headed cane and dignified manner, all combine to make our doctor an authority in the parish. "Ay, ay," said the good doctor, when he met me; "I always feared the worst about Mr. Ronaldson. Not good for man to be alone. Sir, I always advised him to take a wife. Never would take my advice. You see the result, Mr. M'Lauchlin. However, we must see the poor man."

When we arrived, we found all as Mrs. Birnie had said; indeed by this time matters had become worse and worse, and a goodly number of the neighbors were gathered. One old lady recommended that the barber should be sent for to shave Ronaldson's head. This was the less necessary, as his head, poor fellow, was already as bald and smooth as a ball of ivory. Another kind neighbor had brought in some brandy, and Old Ronaldson had taken several glasses, and pronounced it capital; which everybody said was a sure sign that "he was coming to himself." One of his tender-hearted neighbors, who had helped herself to a breakfast-cupful of this medicine, was shedding tears profusely; and as she kept rocking from side to side, nursing her elbows, she cried bitterly: "Poor Mr. Ronaldson's lost his senses, poor man—lost his senses!"

The instant Dr. Macnab appeared, Old Ronaldson stepped forward, shook him warmly by the hand, and said: "I'm truly glad to see you, doctor. You will soon put it all right. I have only lost my senses—that's all! That's what these women are making all this confounded row about."

"Let me feel your pulse," said the doctor gently.

"Oh, nonsense, doctor," cried Ronaldson—"nonsense, I've only lost my senses;" and made as if he would fly at the

heap of drawers, dust, and rubbish which lay in the centre of the floor, and have it all raked out again.

"Oh, lost your senses, have you?" said the doctor, with a bland smile. "You'll soon get over that — that's a trifle." But he deliberately pulled out his big gold repeater and held Ronaldson by the wrist. "Just as I feared," whispered the doctor to me, with much solemnity — "just as I feared. Pulse ninety-five, eye troubled, face flushed, much excitement," etc. So there and then, Old Ronaldson was doomed.

I did not wish a painful scene; so, when I got my certificate signed by the doctor, I quietly slipped out, got a pair of horses and a close carriage, and asked Mr. Ronaldson to meet me, if he felt able, at the inn in half an hour, as I felt sure a walk in the open air would do him good. He gladly fell in with this plan, and promised to be with me at noon certain.

As I have said, he is an old soldier, was an officer's servant in fact, and is a most tidy and punctual person. But old Mrs. Birnie, careful soul, in her anxiety to keep matters right, made bad worse. Ronaldson, before going out, insisted on shaving; and Mrs. Birnie had, with much thoughtfulness, the moment he began to make preparations for this, put his razors out of the way. Hereupon, he got worse and worse, stamped and stormed, and at last worked himself up into a terrible passion.

I grew tired waiting at the inn, and so returned, and found him in a sad state. When he saw me, he cried: "Oh, Mr. M'Lauchlin, the deil's in this house this day."

"Very true," said Mrs. Birnie to me in an aside. "You see, sir, he speaks sense — whiles."

"Everything," he went on, "has gone against me this day; but," said he, "I'll get out of this if my beard never comes off. Hand me my Wellington boots, Mrs. Birnie. I hope you have not swallowed them too!"

The moment Ronaldson began to draw on his boot, affairs changed as if by magic. "There!" cried he triumphantly — "there is that confounded paper of yours which has made all this row! See, Mrs. Birnie," he exclaimed, flourishing my census paper in his hand; "I've found my senses!"

"Oh," cried the much-affected widow, "I am glad to hear it;" and in her ecstatic joy she rushed upon the old soldier,

took his head to her bosom, and wept for very joy. I seized the opportune moment to beat a hasty retreat, and left the pair to congratulate each other upon the happy finding of Old Ronaldson's senses.

In the afternoon, I called up at Whinny Knowes, to get their schedule; and Mrs. Cameron invited me to stay to tea, telling me what a day they had had at the "Whins" with the census papers.

"First of all," said she, "the master there" — pointing to her husband — "said seriously that every one must tell their ages, whether they were married or not, and whether they intended to be married, and the age and occupation of their sweethearts — in fact that every particular was to be mentioned. Now, Mr. M'Lauchlin, our two servant-lasses are real nice girls; but save me! what a fluster this census has put them in. Janet has been ten years with us, and is a most superior woman, with good sense; but at this time she is the most distressed of the two. After family worship last night, she said she would like 'a word o' the master himsel'." 'All right,' says John, with a slight twinkle in his eye.

"When they were by themselves, Janet stood with her Bible in her hand, and her eyes fixed on the point of her shoe. 'Sir,' said she, 'I was three-an'-thirty last birthday, though my neighbor Mary thinks I'm only eight-an'-twenty. And as for Alexander' — this was the miller, Janet's reputed sweetheart — 'he's never asked my age exactly; and so, if it's all the same, I would like you just to keep your thumb upon that. And then, as to whether he's to marry me or no, that depends on whether the factor gives him another lease of the mill. He says he'll take me at Martinmas coming if he gets the lease; but at the farthest next Martinmas, whether or no!'"

"Janet," said my husband, "you've stated the matter fairly; there is nothing more required."

"And John there," continued Mrs. Cameron, "has made good use of Janet's census return. This very forenoon, Lady Menzies called to see us, as she often does. Said John to her ladyship, says he: 'He's a very good fellow, Alexander Christie the miller — a superior man. I'm sorry we are like to lose him for a neighbor!'"

"I never heard of that," said her ladyship. 'He is a steady, honest man, and a good miller, I believe. I should be

sorry to lose him on the estate. What is the cause of this?"

"Oh," replied my husband, "it seems the factor is not very willing to erect a house; and Alexander is not willing to have a new lease of the mill without one being built. Your ladyship," added John, "can see, I dare say, what Alexander is after."

"O yes, I understand," said she, laughing. "I will try and keep the miller;" and off she set without another word. Down the burn-side she goes, and meets Alexander, with a bag of corn on his back, at the mill door. When he had set it down, and was wiping the perspiration off his brow with the back of his hand, Lady Menzies said: "You are busy to-day, miller."

"Yes, my lady," said he; "this is a busy time."

"I wonder," said her ladyship, coming to the point at once, "that a fine young fellow like you does not settle down now and take a wife, and let me have the pleasure of seeing you as a tenant always with us."

"You wouldn't, my lady," said the miller, "have me bring a bird before I had a cage to put it in. The factor grudges to build me a house; therefore, I fear I must remove."

"Well, Christie," said her ladyship with great glee, "you'll look out for the bird, and leave it to me to find the cage."

"It's a bargain, my lady," said Alexander. "My father and my grandfather were millers here for mony a long year before me; and to tell the truth, I was reluctant to leave the auld place."

"In the course of the forenoon, the miller made an errand up the burn to the Whins, for some empty bags; and as we had already got an inkling of what had passed between him and Lady Menzies, I sent Janet to the barn to help him to look them out. When Janet returned, I saw she was a little flurried, and looked as if there was something she wished to say. In a little while—"Ma'am," says she to me, "I'm no to stop after Martinmas."

"No, Janet?" says I. "I am sorry to hear that. I'm sure I've no fault to find with you, and you have been a long time with us."

"I'm not going far away," said Janet with some pride; "the bairns will aye get a handful of groats when they come to see us!"

"So you see, Mr. M'Lauchlin, what a

change this census paper of yours has brought about."

"Ay, ay, good wife," said Whinny Knowes, laughing; "although you have lost a good servant, you must admit that I've managed to keep the miller!"

But I had a worse job with the Miss M'Farlanes, than Mrs. Cameron had with Janet. They are three maiden ladies—sisters. It seems the one would not trust the other to see the census paper filled up; so they agreed to bring it to me to fill it in.

"Would you kindly fill in this census paper for us?" said Miss M'Farlane. "My sisters will look over, and give you their particulars by-and-by."

Now, Miss M'Farlane is a very nice lady; though Mrs. Cameron tells me she has been calling very often at the manse since the minister lost his wife. Be that as it may, I said to her that I would be happy to fill up the paper; and asked her in the mean time to give me her own particulars. When it came to the age column, she played with her boot on the carpet, and drew the black ribbons of her silk bag through her fingers, and whispered: "You can say four-and-thirty, Mr. M'Lauchlin." "All right, ma'am," says I; for I knew she was four-and-thirty at any rate. Then Miss Susan came over—that's the second sister—really a handsome young creature, with fine ringlets and curls, though she is a little tender-eyed and wears spectacles. Well, when we came to the age column, Miss Susan played with one of her ringlets, and looked in my face sweetly, and said, "Mr. M'Lauchlin, what did Miss M'Farlane say? My sister, you know, is considerably older than I am—there was a brother between us."

"Quite so, my dear Miss Susan," said I; "but you see the bargain was that each of you was to state your own age."

"Well," said Miss Susan, still playing with her ringlets, "you can say—age, thirty-four years, Mr. M'Lauchlin."

In a little while the youngest sister came in. "Miss M'Farlane," said she, "sent me over for the census paper."

"Oh no, my dear," says I; "I cannot part with the paper."

"Well, then," said she, "just enter my name too, Mr. M'Lauchlin."

"Quite so. But tell me, Miss Robina, why did Miss M'Farlane not fill up the paper herself?"—for Miss Robina and I were always on very confidential terms.

"Oh," she replied, "there was a dispute over *particulars*; and Miss M'Farlane would not let my other sister see how old she was; and Miss Susan refused to state her age to Miss M'Farlane; and so, to end the quarrel, we agreed to ask you to be so kind as fill in the paper."

"Yes, yes, Miss Robina," said I; "that's quite satisfactory; and so, I'll fill in your name now, if you please."

"Yes," she uttered with a sigh. When we came to the age column—"Is it absolutely necessary," said she, "to fill in the age? Don't you think it is a most impertinent question to ask, Mr. M'Lauchlin?"

"Tuts, it may be so to some folk; but to a sweet young creature like you, it cannot matter a button."

"Well," said Miss Robina. "But now, Mr. M'Lauchlin, I'm to tell you a great secret;" and she blushed as she slowly continued: "The minister comes sometimes to see us."

"I *have* noticed him rather more attentive in his visitations in your quarter of late, than usual, Miss Robina."

"Very well, Mr. M'Lauchlin; but you must not tease me just now. You know Miss M'Farlane is of opinion that he is in love with her; while Miss Susan thinks her taste for literature and her knowledge of geology, especially her pamphlet on the old red sandstone and its fossils as confirming the Mosaic record, are all matters of great interest to Mr. Fraser, and she fancies that he comes so frequently for the privilege of conversing with her. But," exclaims Miss Robina with a look of triumph, "look at that!" and she held in her hand a beautiful gold ring. "I have got that from the minister this very day!"

I congratulated her. She had been a favorite pupil of mine, and I was rather pleased with what happened. "But what," I asked her, "has all this to do with the census?"

"Oh, just this," continued Miss Robina. "I had no reason to conceal my age, as Mr. Fraser knows it exactly, since he baptized me! He was a young creature then, only three-and-twenty; so that's just the difference between us."

"Nothing at all, Miss Robina," said I—"nothing at all; not worth mentioning."

"In this changeful and passing world," said Miss Robina, "three-and-twenty years are not much after all, Mr. M'Lauchlin?"

"Much!" said I. "Tuts, my dear, it's nothing—just indeed what should be."

"I was just thirty-four last birthday, Mr. M'Lauchlin," said Miss Robina; "and the minister said the last time he called that no young lady should take the cares and responsibilities of a household upon herself till she was—well, eight-and-twenty; and he added that thirty-four was late enough."

"The minister, my dear," said I, "is a man of sense."

So thus were the Miss M'Farlanes' census schedules filled up; and if ever some one in search of the curiosities of the census should come across it, he may think it strange enough, for he will find that the three sisters M'Farlane are all *ae year's bairns*!

From The Spectator.

THE LESSER "BARBARIANS."

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD, in his essay "Barbarians, Philistines, Populace," says, "When I want to distinguish clearly the aristocratic class from the Philistines proper, or middle class, I name the former in my own mind *the Barbarians*. And when I go through the country, and see this and that beautiful and imposing seat of theirs crowning the landscape, 'There,' I say to myself, 'is a great fortified post of the Barbarians.'" But besides these great, fortified posts of the big Barbarians mentioned by Mr. Arnold, there are also many minor fortified posts, belonging to those who, since we have read the above, we, in our minds, call the *lesser Barbarians*, equally Barbarians in their instincts, in their appearance, in their manners, equally unable to understand the comparative value of ideas *versus* prejudices, equally absorbed in what are called "manly sports," suitable companions, from their habits, ways of life, and views of things generally, to consort with the bigger species, yet holding little or less land, and exercising little or less influence over the lives of other classes. For one big, bouncing, fortified post of the great Barbarian, there are, studded about the country, dozens of smaller, less imposing seats, belonging to or rented by those who are, in spirit, vassals to the great man,—seats bearing a like reference to the great places, that the houses in Park Street, Mount Street, and Green Street

do to those in Grosvenor Square or Berkeley Square; or those in Wilton Street, Chester Street, and Chapel Street do to the Belgrave Square or Eaton Square mansions. Now the lesser Barbarian is by no means of the same species as the country squire. He is, personally, a more refined being; he has probably been brought up in one of the imposing seats, has passed some of his youth in a good regiment, and may even be a better sportsman than his bigger neighbor. He and his wife are quite as good-looking as the big Barbarian and his wife, and are distinguishable from these in a crowd only, if at all, by a greater precision in the correctness of their style, and by being more exclusive in recognizing only as *fellow-creatures* those who, in general Barbarian language, are understood as "nice people." The purest examples of the species of lesser Barbarians abound chiefly in the good hunting counties, and come to London only for the "height of the season," where they are distinguishable in the fashionable, respectable society as that portion which, in milliner's language, would be called the most "stylish." A duchess can afford to be a dowdy, she moves surrounded by an *atmosphere* which is unmistakable, and it is her atmosphere which imposes on the populace, more than her individual presence. But the female lesser Barbarian has to mark her distinction by her dress and appearance as an individual. The real business in life of the lesser Barbarians is to perfect all their pursuits into a distinguished science of pleasure.

This science is studied more successfully and earnestly by the lesser Barbarians than by any other of the rich idle classes. Though they are not assuredly what can be called a religious class, they are often "Churchy," and most often rather "High-Churchy;" but their real object of worship is *good style*. It is a standard of *good style* which directs the education of their children, which determines all their domestic arrangements and especially the stable department, their dress, their thoughts, their occupations, their acquaintances, their intimacies, their religion. Personally, they are often very kind to dependents and the class poor enough to be removed sufficiently below them for their fortified posts not to be endangered by any inroad on a social ground, but they are quite inaccessible on principle to any outside the magic circle of "nice people," if such outsiders dare

make an approach on the ground of common fellowship. Herds of these outsiders may be seen at the county gatherings of the big Barbarians, but at the select parties of the lesser, never one. They are mostly Conservative in politics, and the reverse of intellectual in culture; but they are efficient in action, though the aim of the action may not be high. They do well what they do at all; what they attempt they achieve; but their attempts are nearly all in the line of pleasure, and in their own line the good specimens are very complete and finished. They have "go," energy, decorum, good taste from an external point of view, pleasantness in their lives, but no true beauty. As there is no spirituality, though a good deal of *Churchiness* in their religion, so there is no beauty, though plenty of "good style," in their lives.

Now, there is still a real and helpful idea in the existence of the bigger Barbarians. Their fortified posts have often a true splendor, which has its use. The best of these strongholds are like museums of the fine arts fitted into cases of beautiful architecture, and refined and finished with the beauty of a home. When the owners do their duty — and there are many whose aim it is to do it conscientiously, according to their lights — these fortified posts are acquisitions to all classes who inhabit the neighborhood. Much of the time and mind of their owners are given up to the duties as well as the pleasures of their position, and, like the bishops, though they have palaces to dwell in, they have little or no leisure to gloat over the luxury of their palaces. Unless absorbed in some individual passion or vice, the lives of the bigger Barbarians are not selfish in intention. The power of their position brings out whatever of generosity or kindness may be in their dispositions as individuals, and their unquestioned rank and position tend to their viewing social questions which do not endanger that position of rank from an unbiassed, large, and considerate point of view; and as any society they may choose to invite to their "fortified posts" cannot affect their own social status, provided it is within the pale of respectability — and even in the question of respectability the world allows the bigger Barbarians a laxity which is almost without limits — there is no reason why they should not gratify their kindly instincts of hospitality. The theory of the great Barbarians, however far short the practice of individuals

may fall, is to give to the classes below them in position a standard of beauty and grace in the external matters of life, and of the manner in which to hold intercourse with their fellow-creatures. What it is good for their fellow-men to share with them, that, as a rule, they are ready to share. They mostly open their houses and their parks hospitably. Of their personal intimacy they are doubtless chary, but to the classes of society living under different conditions, such personal intimacy would not be of any very special use. Though the big Barbarians may appear to be a pleasure-loving class, as a rule they work hard in their own way, and are an element in English life that tends to the happiness of society in general. Many take, of course, a selfish, ignoble view of their position, but the theory of the class in general is *noblesse oblige*. But with these vassals in spirit of the great Barbarians, these good-looking, these well-dressed, these externally refined, these exclusive lesser Barbarians, the theory of life, though it is doubtless unconsciously so, seems to be one of consistent selfishness. It is their idea of life, which is a mistaken one. They aim at living the life of a class, without the reality of that life. It is inherited power which gives all the reality to the position of the big Barbarians, and with it come the responsibilities, the duties, the occupations of the inheritance. Whether they fulfil these or neglect them, the heads of the aristocracy have not to seek their first work in life; it comes to them with their birth-right; and their high rank, when justified by well-used power, has a splendor about it which spreads a genial influence on the classes socially below them; but rank, without power or influence, beyond a certain external atmosphere of refinement, is rather a frothy concern, narrowing to those who tenaciously hold to it, and exasperating to those who are kept at arm's length by its exclusiveness. To aim at being like a big Barbarian is as futile as crying for the moon, for the one thing a man or woman cannot make themselves is a big Barbarian. Men and women can easily cultivate themselves into beings superior to this species, but they can never become the actual thing; so that they who adopt the manner of living, as far as they can, of those with whom they cannot share the only valuable possession—inherited power—are almost certain to confuse their lives with false ideals and vaporous aims. It is these whom we

call lesser Barbarians, and it is these who excite the Philistines to bitterness against the "upper classes," more than the genuine Barbarian himself.

The Philistines and Populace recognize, more or less consciously, that there is at the root of all worthy occupation an idea beyond making a livelihood, an idea that the work in hand does some good to the community at large, and pushes on the knowledge or civilization of the world, besides giving material support to the individual, and they resent paying respect to any class whose influence does not contain such an idea. This idea of common interest has a harmonizing influence, and tends to bind classes together; and it is the absence of any such harmonizing influence between the Philistines and the pleasure-loving classes which leads to the exasperation of the former and the selfishness of the latter. The Philistine sees the lesser Barbarian leading a life of pleasure and refined luxury which he shares with no other class less fortunate, and not even pretending to live according to the principle of doing good in his generation. The theory of all the professions is that their followers, besides making an income whereon to live, should adopt the unselfish aim of doing their work so that every class is the better for it,—the clergy, by making every one more religious; lawyers, by forwarding the claims of justice; soldiers, by protecting their country in peace and against foreign aggression; the politician, by legislating so that his country may be the happier and more prosperous; the literary man, by so popularizing truth and goodness that the people are imbued with both; the poet and artist, by translating nature into a form of art which shall accentuate beauty, and ennoble and refine the impressions which all human nature, unless completely degraded, is capable of receiving; the business classes and manufacturers by forwarding the commerce of the country and the employment of the hand-worker. But the lesser Barbarians, who expect more respect and consideration than all these,—what higher view of duty, think the Philistines and the Populace, can be got out of the theory of their lives and occupations? What they hold as distinctive of their class, they are not at all willing to share for the benefit of those who might be improved by it. Their influence, such as it is, is not derived from money or intellect, but from refinement in the external proceedings of life; and this

refinement they wrap round their whole manner of living, and it adds much to the pleasure of their lives,—and what is really good and sound in it would add, doubtless, to the pleasure of the lives of other classes; but the theory of the lesser Barbarians is to use such refinement for their own pleasure and their own pride exclusively. In so missing any higher idea of duty arising from the possession of their special treasure, this treasure of external refinement becomes, by its tendency to selfishness, morally ignoble.

The root of all exclusiveness lies not only in pride, but in fear. It is a sign not only of selfishness, but of weakness and insecurity, and in the tenacity with which the lesser Barbarian holds to his exclusiveness, there may be a latent misgiving as to the strength of his position. This position he might make more respectable, if he frankly realized to himself in what the advantages of it consist. Probably, if the subject were faced honestly, and from a view of life which included moral and spiritual elements, much which is cultivated as refinement would drop off as baneful self-indulgence, a spurious and not a healthy outcome of civilization; still, after such a clearing, there would yet remain a good side to the refinement of the lesser Barbarian, which it would be well for all classes to acknowledge and adopt. Personal refinement, extending to finish, care, and precision, and a certain deliberation and thought in relation to the details of the manner of living, gives a personal dignity which is absent in the usual rush and tear of modern life. Mr. Ruskin expatiates somewhere on the unutterable vulgarity of being in a hurry, and assuredly nothing that is worth doing is the better done for being unaccompanied by the personal dignity which results from such refinement of habit. It may be noticed that those who do great things, who work the hardest in the highest lines, are mostly very dependent on such refinement for a relaxation of strain which real mental effort always causes, especially when joined to the delicacy and sensitiveness which finely organized natures possess. Now, though the modern *good style* and *good taste* of the lesser Barbarians are not at all synonymous with beauty or the best fitness of things, there is about them a balance and poise which are the reverse of exaggeration and extravagance. The moderation resulting from a feeling of balance and deliberation, and which is one necessary element in beauty, is a sali-

ent merit in all so-called well-bred people. It is the element which saves them from making themselves personally ridiculous, the unfortunate fate of so many Philistines. It is an element which adds essentially to the grace of life, and corresponds in external matters with the grace which culture adds to genius. Now, with true culture the Barbarians have nothing to do, for they cease to be Barbarians when they have; their mental vision does not pierce through the prejudices of class and habit. The attitude of their minds is, so to speak, *provincial*. But in external material and matters they do excel up to a certain point, and though they could not influence any class by ideas, they might be missionaries among the Philistines in the matter of personal order and refinement, were they to apply the obvious truth of the Christian principle, that what is worth having is worth sharing. The theory of all Barbarians is to treat the refinement of what they call "nice people" as a direct gift of nature to the "upper classes" alone, and they assume that it is as useless as it is unnecessary to endeavor to imbue the Philistines with any flavor of it. It is a gift beyond price, beyond everything, in their eyes, and they treat it with that reverence with which the more spiritual-minded treat religion, only that they have no such impulse to share it; and Barbarians will they remain, as long as they do so monopolize it. But with the lesser species this refinement is apt to become almost its own travesty, by becoming an aim in itself, and not the outcome of natural conditions. It is an effort to grace something the reality of which does not exist; it is a striving after the flavor without the substance. It results in something like the effect of an artificial scent, compared to the whiff you get from the flowers themselves. Pleasure is labored at till it ceases to be a graceful and pretty addition to the work of the world, and becomes the dreariest of all occupations, by being pursued as an aim in itself.

Barbarians, great and small, are not having "so good a time of it" as they used to have, and probably a still worse time is in prospect for them. The bigger species, having still much to give in the way of pleasure, will still be tolerated, as long as their great possessions cling to them; but the lesser species must change their habits of mind, or expect to lose all influence. The inevitable fate of all those classes who contract their sympa-

thies, and are selfish on principle, is to be left out of the movement of the true life of the world, and to be gradually more and more ignored as objects of interest. The instinct of justice in nations will always return sooner or later to the principles found in the great speech Sarpedon made to Glaucus, written thousands of years ago, "Why boast we, Glaucus, our extended reign . . . unless great acts superior merit prove?" "Great acts," on the part of the governing classes, and those who wish to be respected as holding a superior position in society, would entail, under the present conditions of modern life, a rising above class prejudices, an extension of sympathy to all who are honestly working in all occupations. The prettier mode of living in external and material matters, which is understood so well by the Barbarians, if extended into the region of mind and feeling, would cause a gentleness and nobility of thought and consideration for others, and so quickly emancipate the Barbarians into "children of light,"—and "children of light" of the pleasantest description, for there is an inherited charm of atmosphere about them which, if only they could rise out of their own special class vulgarisms, would add to their "light" a mellowness and beauty much needed in the organization of life. The practical result in society of this emancipation of the Barbarians would be that the *good style* and *good taste* which they now so tenaciously appropriate to themselves alone, they would try and diffuse among other classes. These are, when good of their kind, very pleasant elements in the intercourse of the world. But only, if at all, by personal contact and personal sympathy can the trick be learned. This is well recognized nowadays between the poor and the rich, in the giving of material help, but it is still utterly ignored when it is a matter of infusing other classes with the blessings of refinement. The Philistines recognize, as a rule, well enough that there is a difference between their own more slovenly way of living, however costly it may be, and the finish and pleasantness of the habits of the Barbarians; but as the latter keep them socially at arm's length, the Philistines have not the opportunity of acquiring the advantages possessed by the so-called "upper classes."

To cultivate the Philistines personally would involve a great deal of distasteful work, particularly for the women of the

emancipated Barbarians, because difference in matters of taste produces almost a greater jar in personal intercourse than difference in matters of feeling; and the taste of the Philistines is their weak side. Doubtless, the *ci-devant* Barbarian woman would find it a bore to talk on a level of real sympathy and equality to a Philistine woman who "puts on" her manners, is wanting in simplicity, meanders round a subject with obvious little affectations in the course of conversation, and who is proud of the wrong things, and brags about possessions she does not know how to use. Still, both are women, and the more true womanly feelings they have, the easier will it be for them to find a common ground. The Barbarians must expand, and the Philistines must restrain themselves, if members of each class wish to emancipate themselves into "children of light;" but the lesser Barbarians, as a power in society, will probably not exist much longer. The Philistines are more likely to win, for though their taste may be faulty, though they may be too eager and exaggerated in their attitudes of mind and body, they have within them more power of growth, they have not the same brutal confidence in themselves, and, therefore, have more susceptibility to ideas, a susceptibility which Barbarians have not. As Mr. Matthew Arnold says: "It is because aristocracies almost inevitably fail to appreciate justly, or even to take into their mind, the instinct pushing the masses towards expansion and fuller life, that they lose their hold over them. It is the old story of the incapacity of aristocracies for ideas,—the secret of their want of success in modern epochs;" and we may add, that the influence of the pleasure-loving lesser Barbarians will lessen more and more, as advanced ideas enforce more and more a certain amount of mental and moral culture. But before they become quite extinguished as a power, we would fain see them leave an inheritance behind them among the Philistines of greater good taste in the material things of life, and of reticence, dignity and pleasantness of manner in social intercourse; for, to conclude with the remainder of the above quotation: "The people treats them [the aristocracies] with flagrant injustice, when it denies all obligation to them. They can and often do impart a high spirit, a fine ideal of grandeur, to the people; thus they lay the foundation of a great nation."